

TO YOU!

LEARN TO LIVE!

MANY KINDS OF DEATH

Is Being Good A Burden?

What of Birth Control?

Conscience Salving

What Is Obscene?

THE HARMONIC ATTUNEMENT OF FOOD

F. W. RILEY, M. D.

*Life Here and Hereafter Has A Common Development
and A Common Purpose*

TO YOU!

*A Magazine ... for the Discriminating Individual ... that Develops
and Enhances the Art of Living Here and Hereafter*



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To You . . .



Just You

Is Being Good A Burden?

PLENTY of pleasure and satisfaction can be derived from being good—if You understand *how* to be good. The large majority of people do not know how to be good and enjoy it; if they really are good they become sanctimonious about it, or make their fellowmen who are not quite so good, miserably uncomfortable when around them.

Being good—morality—is not a tragedy; it is a joy, a pleasure, a satisfaction—one of the greatest in life, when practiced simply, temperately, and wholeheartedly.

Try it sometime.

Some folks just “love” to dance, would rather dance than eat; yet they are afraid to do so because it may be a sin and not in line with “being good.” Others thoroughly enjoy an occasional glass of wine, but don’t partake of this enjoyment for fear it is not in harmony with their standard of “being good.” Others, again, are particularly fond of meat; but will they indulge themselves in this pleasure? No indeed; it is not the thing to do when one is trying to be “spiritual” or “good.” In fact, it almost borders on the sinful.

Many Individuals Make a Burden of Being Good. They Make Of Morality a Tragedy —That Is Passe .

Some people become so “poised” and “self-controlled” that *nothing* can disturb their equilibrium; to show one degree of emotion or reaction to anything is not in keeping with “being good.” In fact, they become so complacent that the people with whom they are associated sometimes feel as if they would like to place a stick of dynamite near them to see if any reaction would result. These people become “so darned good” they are painful to their associates. Then there are those with the everlasting grin who are “being good” by being perennially cheerful; so dreadfully cheerful that even in the case of a dear friend’s death, the cheerful grin remains the same. Their constant “cheerfulness” becomes a burden to themselves and to their associates.

Are you so busy being good that You force your goodness upon your family and friends through obtrusive, so-called unselfish services? Do you make yourself obnoxious to them by being good when You might be humanly not-so-good?

With all the various religious cults, creeds, and isms teaching the various standards of “goodness” it is no wonder people are confused and allow their morals to make them

overly serious and dreadfully dreary. But morality is not tragic; remember that, next time You get the "holier than thou" feeling.

If You want to dance, dance; but dance temperately. There is no wrong in the act of dancing unless the dancers make it wrong. If You desire to drink a glass of wine, do it; it won't harm You—unless You drink too much. If You desire to indulge occasionally in an indigestible meal, go ahead and be willing to suffer the consequences. It may be painful, but it won't necessarily be sinful. If you want to let loose your temper sometime on someone who has done You wrong, do it, rather than suppress it and throw all the poisonous toxins back into your system to cause illness. If You really wish to be human on a special occasion and loose your painful dignity and poise, You can do it and still be good—if You don't do it too often and let it become a habit.

If You really *want* to do any of these or other things, do them. But *learn to temper them all with moderation*—and do them without becoming a martyr to goodness.

"Is it possible to fight a thing so hard—so intensely—that you give more power to the thing you are fighting? Or I'll say it like this: Is it possible to strive so intensely for a thing that you create the opposite of what you are striving for?"

This question was asked recently by a reader of the magazine, who is striving to improve her character and attain greater self-control.

Yes, it is possible to fight a thing so hard and strive so intensely for something that You give to it more power (figuratively speaking) than it deserves. For instance, You strive so strenuously and desperately for self-control that You make it a huge bug-a-bear that overpowers You. By your ter-

rific effort You dissipate so much energy that You weaken yourself; and the thing for which You are striving becomes the predominant thing which, in reality, it is not.

Why use a cannon when a twenty-two rifle will accomplish the work for You?

Take stock of and estimate the strength of the thing You desire to control within yourself; then use a moderate and right amount of strength to overcome it.

Self-control is not attained in a day; it is a matter of individual growth which is always more or less gradual. And if accomplished by the gradual process, very often the tragedy of becoming too good can be averted.

Do not make a burden of learning self-control. Let it be a natural part of your life and enjoy yourself while You are acquiring it. Take it easy; don't fight and strain.

You will accomplish more in the long run.

A long, strained, intolerant mien does not accomplish the result. You may acquire a *kind* of self-control, but when You have it acquired You will have to begin all over again and learn to be temperate and cheerful and gay in your use of it. Why not learn it right in the beginning?

Whenever You see an Individual making a burden out of being good and moral, You may know he is on the wrong road. He will have to retrace his steps; for a well-balanced person is one who can laugh and smile and enjoy the lighter side of life as well as the more serious side; who can be human *and* good; who can prove the value of his philosophy of life by the joy and pleasure he derives from it.

Some people get a great thrill out of doing something which they consider just a wee bit bad. They are good themselves; but occasionally it is a relief to them to do something not-so-good. They thrill at the

fact that they had the courage to break a convention or a moral law, and stepped beyond the pale.

Often the thing they do is not necessarily bad at all, but it seems bad because they are so good. Their "being good" becomes burdensome and they have to do something to break the monotony.

Have You ever lived in an environment where the people about You were very so-called religious people, being good every minute of the day and night, and endeavoring to force their ideas of goodness on to You and all the others about them? If You have not, You have missed something. It is an interesting experience—if one studies it from the standpoint of Right and Wrong.

If You are starting on the journey of living your life along constructive lines, do not start with the idea of allowing Morality to become a burden to You. Do not conclude that You are to drop all joyous, frivolous thoughts, ideas, and actions. Do not decide that You will go about just being good, *good, good*. Don't determine to become a tragedian in your role of being good and moral. Don't make your own life and the lives of others a sad and disheartening event.

Instead, start your travel with the idea that living your life in conformity with Nature's Moral Laws is a wonderful experience; that Life is a wonderful experience. Whether the going is rough or smooth, whether it is difficult or easy, Life and Living are wonderful experiences. And sometimes the more rough and difficult the more interesting the experience; and the more interesting the experience the greater is the growth, the strength, the courage, the pleasure of trying to be good and moral.

If You find yourself fighting too hard as You travel your way, ease up, take it slower, look at yourself, and then laugh a bit.

Determine what it is You desire in life and then begin to accomplish it moderately and temperately. Keep on practicing until it becomes a part of You. You may fail many times, but "be not discouraged nor dismayed" for You can win eventually—and You can enjoy yourself in the winning.

The days of long-faced Puritanical morals is past; being good and making a tragedy of it is ancient and mouldy.

Today, if You wish to really live, You must be good and show your friends and associates that You are enjoying it; that You are getting something more out of life than they are because You *are* good and living in conformance with Nature's laws and principles; that Life is a joyous, pleasurable experience to You—because You are living in harmony with the moral laws. You must act as if You like Morality; You must show by your life and conduct that You are deriving benefit from it.

If You do otherwise, You are passe; You are not proving the value of your Moral Principles and your philosophy of Life and Living.

Be good—but smile as You do it.

Be brave—but act as if You liked it.

Practice self-control—but don't make your effort so strenuous that everybody feels sorry for You.

Be poised—but not so stiff that You look like a ramrod.

Make self-denials—but don't do so with bitterness.

Be unselfish—but don't make a martyr of yourself in being so.

Be patient, be tolerant, be self-reliant, be cheerful—but for the sake of yourself and the world of humanity don't be grim about it; be human—but don't carry the tragic signs of suffering and sadness around with You.

Tinker Town . . .



Sweet Echoes From Down South

Helen Mitchell

DOWN from the great planetarium to the little stars of Tinker Town, Mitchell, the Minstrellette, rambled on a summer day. For surely never did old Sol gleam with such avidity as on the Hills of Hollywood, all dressed in emerald green. Nor sweeter figs ever grew than from the tree of Mildred Gover, the colored star of Hollywood. For indeed a goodly gift came from her kindly hands when she picked the fruit all folded round with soft leaves and laid them by my desk. And graciously did she pause shyly to answer my questions with deep, black eyes glowing and dusky skin faintly flushed. For there is something royal about Mildred, the colored star, like a candy queen done in chocolate. And most of all I cherish her devotion to her own. "Never," she vows, "will I play a part that debases my own people. I am colored. I am proud of my lineage."

And surely should she be, for was not Sheba black, and Nero an Ethiopian? Nor greater music ever rose from a throat than from that of the colored Patti. So was Mildred's mother a singer. Perhaps she crooned into a little colored girl's heart the fine sensibilities of drama that Mildred portrays in her quaint, old-fashioned Mammy. The kind of Mammy



MILDRED GOVER

The Colored Star of Hollywood

you and I remember from our babyhood and reverence.

"I do not find my color a handicap. I wish I could impart that hope to my people. If on the inside your mind is right and your ideals unswerving you can open any door that is meant for you to open."

"Bravo," thought I as I encouraged her to talk.

"I have opened the doors to the studios and found a welcome. They may have shied at first but when I opened the doors of my mentality and artistry then I was taken into the fold. It reminds me of a story my wonderful mother once told me. 'Mildred,' she said, 'don't eat up where you're going. Once a little colored boy was hired on a river boat to tend a herd of mules. One jackass kicked up his heels at the little boy every time he came near enough to feed him. The little boy was so afraid that he didn't feed the jackass all the way across the Mississippi. And the jackass got so hungry that he ate the tag on his harness that told where he was going. So when all the mules were unloaded no one knew what to do with the jackass and he had no home or food because he ate up where he was going.'"

I marveled at this girl's philosophy as she went on.

"So you see, Miss Mitchell, we mustn't inhibit our own progress, but use every bit of individual personality and force of contact that we can create."

I found that she had spent some years in the Wendall Phillips schools and was accomplished in music, dressmaking, millinery and domestic science.

And strangely enough, Mildred with her accomplished mother, who was a dramatic reader as well as a contralto soloist, went to study the provincial language of the southern colored people, and from that research and travel became the finished interpreter that she is. Small wonder then that she played the outstanding roles in such pictures and with such stars as Thelma Todd in "House of Chance"; Mary Pickford in "Coquette"; Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker"; Evelyn Venable in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; Robert Montgomery in "Harmony Lane"; Bing Crosby in "The Big Broadcast," etc.

Now Mildred Gover is going to star in a radio feature where she will send over the air to gladden the hearts of millions her lovable portrayal of Savannah, the dear colored Mammy of the old South. "Are you list'nin', Fo' sho' nothin' can go plumb wrong if you is jus' kind-like and sweet-like and cheerful-like. Jus' as long as you is got yore sugah."

And Mildred Gover the colored star of Hollywood "sho' has got her sugah." For when she comes she radiates kindness and good humor, and when she goes she leaves a warm feeling not only for herself but for the vast race of kindly colored folk who go their daily ways trying to build a finer and better world to live in. She paused a moment longer before she pulled a blue beret down over her black hair.

"The greatest thing in life is love for your fellow men. If honestly in your heart you love your brothers no matter whether you

are black or white that feeling penetrates through and burns away resistance."



GAY SEABROOKE
"The Little Southern Rogue"

And I thought of other luminous stars going radio. For surely we have merely scratched the surface of that new and mysterious field. Gay Seabrooke, the "Growing Up Girl" with Spencer Tracy—There, the Minstrellette has struck a sweet chord in your hearts. For truly never came over the ether a more lovable character than Mildred, the erstwhile girl. And my thoughts ran rampant over the thrills that same adorable actress had given me in "Pigs," "Two Girls Wanted," "Tommy," "Take My Advice," with the Henry Duffy Players and her splendid work in "Coquette" with Mary Pickford. "So," says the Minstrellette, "let's have more of winsome, funny, naive Gay Seabrooke." And echoing came the answer, "You will. She is the quaint little Georgia girl in the 'Savannah' series with Mildred Gover."

So Mitchell grabbed the old portfolio and hied her to the door of sunny Gay. There she found the young lady with her paraquet swinging saucily over her chair and curled up in red slacks, the little star herself was

reading her beloved Edna Vincent Millay.

"Oh yes, poetry is my great love. I have always had a burning desire to be a truly fine poetess. I don't believe any literature brings the same keen pleasure and comfort of poetry."

Then she added simply as she hauled up an unbelievably big chair with an over-abundance of cushions (enough to make any scribe very lazy on a hot summer afternoon), "I will sometime read you some of my own poems."

"Ah ha," mused the Minstrellette, "here is something. That cute little southern rogue of the stage and pictures is at heart a deep and serious poet-philosopher." And before the enjoyable hour ended the Minstrellette had more reason to believe that Gay Seabrooke is a most unusual girl.

"Faith. That has been the reason for any success I may have had. Out of faith grows happiness. Out of happiness friendship and companionship. I cherish those but I have learned to believe that 'He who would have a friend must show himself friendly.'"

I glanced about the pleasing room at her myriad collection of books.

She smiled, "I have been collecting books all my life. I read a great deal. They are like a light suddenly snapped on in a dark room."

As she talked so easily and with such culture my mind scanned the pictures she had so ably done and I understood the reason why. Back of any artistry, comedy or otherwise, must be mentality and wisdom. Her work in "The County Chairman" with Will Rogers, God bless him, "Only Yesterday," "Half a Sinner," "Embarassing Moments," "Diamond Jim Brady," "Big Hearted Herbert," "Desirable," yes, and "Our Gang" comedies, prove my theory. Now she comes over the air in "Strange As It Seems" and when she comes to us as the lovable Georgia Cracker in the Savannah series we bid her welcome.

"I have one ambition yet to accomplish. I wish to successfully combine a home and children with my career. And I will find a way. The true things of our life are a result of our complete faith in the things that we want to bring forth."

And as I strolled down the petunia-bordered path I thought of two boys whose memorable work echoed in my ears. Surely they should join with Savannah and her Georgia girl, for they hail from Kentucky and Tennessee. Says I, "I'll stop along and tell them, for if Mitchell can bring worthwhile talent a tip then her rambling day has been glorified." So she carried the news to tall, dark Bryan Burke, and handsome, blond Robert Lawson, who strongly resembles the grand Bing Crosby. Bryan Burke is the boy from Kentucky who began his colorful career at the age of eight by pinch hitting for Santa Claus before two hundred and fifty kids. "The hardest performance I ever gave," he laughingly confessed. That is something, for his way has led through rag operas, to an enviable place in radio. His rich voice has come over the air in "Calling All Cars," "Forge of Freedom," "American Parade" and many more. And Bobby Lawson right from the Tennessee Minstrels croons his way into many hearts. For surely a voice in a million has this gay young southern lad with its romantic lilt. Methinks some day when opportunity knocks on a worthy Tinker Town door she will summon handsome Bobby to croon his way to a Crosby or Vallee throne.

And so we strolled on together to Mary Lee Manning's studio for a bit of a cup of tea. And Mitchell ended her rambling day in true Southern hospitality. For Mary Lee is of the blood of old Robert E. Lee. An actress of rare ability, a hostess of rare charm.

"Often what we *think* we should do only keeps us from doing what we really should do." She smiled over her dainty cup. "I wanted so badly to go to Hawaii. When I couldn't go I found one of the richest experi-

ences of my life vacationing at Balboa."

I gleaned from the three as they chatted over their tea something that made them highly worthy of opportunity's smile of fortune.

"Honesty is the greatest thing in life to me," said Robert in his soft melodious voice. "Honesty of purpose, of heart and of mind." And as I studied his lustrous, frank eyes, and sincere open face I knew that honesty would see him through. That integrity of the southern gentleman.

"To me service is paramount," echoed Burke, the serious thinker.

"And to me, love," said Mary Lee Manning, her sweet face radiant, "love poured into a home, a friend, possessions. It enriches them beyond measure."

So the Tinker Town Minstrellette roamed homeward in the purple dusk, her heart rejoicing at the privilege of breaking bread with some of the truly noble of age-old Tinker Town. May the merry ring of the Tinkering Hammer resound until those of the old South with their rare gentility fill the air from every radio with a soothing sense of the gentleness and hospitality of those past the Mason-Dixon Line.

To Your Health!

Violet Ultra

The Way Is Long—

"I was very pleased to find an article on 'Sinus Trouble' as per request. I really didn't know it was so fashionable, though. I was under the impression that my trouble was due to infection, at first I thought it was abscessed teeth causing such soreness and pain in my face under my eyes and on the sides of my nose. I had my face x-rayed and was told it was infection of the sinus cavities. I know it could not always be from the diet, as I have at times been on a starvation diet, partly because of it, and quite a number of times have gone for three days at a time only taking acid fruits and lemon juice; have used colonic flushes, sniffed hot and warm salt water and germicidal preparations."

When any chronic condition exists in the head region—such as sinus trouble, catarrhal deafness, eye difficulties of certain kinds, pyorrhea, etc.—you may be sure the underlying cause is one of long-standing. As a person lives out of harmony with the natural laws of general health, toxic accumulations are bound to increase. These are stored in the various nooks and crannies of the body; at first in the larger, more available places, then later in the smaller, more protected areas. So when the body itself is filled to capacity, the head with its various cavities, as the sinuses, ear passages, lachrymal ducts, etc., is used for storage purposes.

The head is always the last part of the body to be chronically affected; it also is always the last part of the system to be relieved of the burden when one undertakes to cleanse the body by the natural methods of healing. It takes years for the body to accumulate sufficient toxins to fill the head cavities and produce chronic conditions in it; it naturally will take as long a period of time, if not longer, as well as consistent and painstaking effort, to clear away the condition.

A temporary starvation diet will not do it. It will help, but it will not cure. Neither will a three-day diet of acid fruit juices, nor even of complete fasting. Occasional colonic flushes will temporarily relieve, and also may germicidal preparations—when they do not commit more offenses. But the only way to **cure** the sinus and other head difficulties is by a rigid, consistent, persistent, and intelligent health regime which balances elimination and substitution and gradually but inevitably cleanses every part and portion of the physical body and rebuilds healthy, normal tissues in all the affected parts.

This takes time and courage aplenty; it takes persistence and it calls for patience. But the results are inevitable and worth while—"for Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

Acute sinus infection is merely a symptom to be recognized, understood, and acted upon. If every person suffering from an "acute infection" would immediately set out on a wholesome regime of natural healing methods, he would have no chronic sinus difficulty; he would save himself much discomfort, suffering, and inconvenience—as well as money and time spent in physicians' treatment rooms.

Remember: Any head disease or chronic condition in the physical body is the result of years of violation of the natural laws of health. If it has taken years to bring on the condition, it stands to reason, and is natural to expect, that it will take years of effort and practice to undo the damage that has been done. But be assured that Nature will cooperate in your efforts if you will but conscientiously and intelligently do your part in again aligning yourself with her fundamental laws at the basis of all health.

Your Struggle . . .



*Can Or Should Birth Control Be Regulated
By Legislation? Why Is It Such a Para-
mount Question To-day?*

What Of Birth Control?

WHILE Birth Control has been practiced in one form or another by almost all civilized peoples and has been recognized as a vital problem in all nations of high development, it has not for many years been as openly analyzed and as frankly regarded as now. It has ceased to be a question discussed in private and with the utmost secrecy. It is recognized as a question of serious moment to the individual and the nation, to parents and children, to the immediate generation and to posterity. As such, it is considered by women's clubs, colleges, private institutions for social welfare, public clinics, and educators of every class who realize that its intelligent answer is necessary to the safeguarding of the happiness of the Individual and the improvement of the race.

Knowledge is power. This statement is never truer than when applied to the individual life and conduct of man. To know and understand the forces, activities, and processes of Nature is to have dominion over them. In every phase of life, humanity has gone through the stage where it was ruled by natural phenomena. Slowly as education has proceeded and knowledge has been ac-

quired, humanity has ceased to be ruled by natural phenomena and has learned to adjust to and co-operate with Nature in such a way as to advance the progress of the Individual.

Primitive men and women gaze with wonder upon man's control of natural phenomena. The first man who sought to learn more regarding the stars by inspecting them with a telescope instead of his naked eye, was condemned. Early physicians who sought to stay the hand of death were feared as sorcerers and magicians. Those who first claimed that it was right and proper for man to control the natural phenomena of reproduction, were looked upon as interfering with God's processes and were condemned. This has been the result of every effort of mankind to assume the responsibility for his own advancement or devolution.

It is true that the science of medicine has put into the hands of men the knowledge with which they can produce death as well as sustain life. It is true that the knowledge of controlling reproduction can be used either destructively or constructively by the individual. But if knowledge were to be withheld from the many because of the

maliciousness of the few, humanity would progress even more slowly than it does.

In the animal kingdom the Law of Attraction operates to bring together individual animals of opposite polarity into a union for self-adjustment. In this supreme effort to attain adjustment the powers of generation are attained and reproduction becomes an incidental physical result. This entire process is under the control of Nature and the animal responds to the urges that operate through it without a self-conscious realization of its part in the process.

However, while the individuals of the human kingdom function in a physical way in much the same manner as do the animals there is a vast difference between the intelligent response to natural law. Human beings are self-conscious, they have the power of individual choice, they have the capacity and the ability to reason independently upon their own conduct and upon the conduct of other human beings.

These facts fix upon the individual human a responsibility for his life and activities that does not exist for the animal. While reproduction in the human kingdom is a process that works out under natural law it is also a process which men and women can regulate, control, direct, alter, or stop. Having this ability it becomes incumbent upon them to use it to the best of their understanding, for their own greater happiness, contentment, and development.

Nature working alone cannot produce a Master. Man working alone cannot produce a Master. Only by intelligent co-operation with and by controlling the forces, activities, and processes of Nature *in full compliance with the Moral Order*, can man raise himself to the degree of Mastership.

The power of voluntary choice and the ability to regulate individual conduct are not alone responsibilities, they are privileges which

enable men and women to enjoy life to a far greater degree than can any entity below them.

Human beings can forego physical pleasures and choose greater aesthetic pleasures. They can forego aesthetic pleasures and enjoy intellectual or moral pursuits. They can choose to lessen physical responsibilities in order to pursue altruistic endeavors. They can likewise choose to avoid physical responsibilities and duties for selfish and personal reasons. But evolution of the individual rests not only upon voluntary control and regulation of the many laws of Nature but upon *right use* and *intelligent control* of those processes which he endeavors to direct.

In awareness of this background of scientific fact, the Individual can view the question of birth control from a much more unbiased and rational viewpoint than would otherwise be possible.

Some men and some women recognize within their very souls that children are essential to their contentment and development. To be deprived of this opportunity would be not only difficult for them but perhaps would interfere with their continued normal growth and progress. They evolve and develop as a result of the unselfish service which is a part of parenthood. Would the facts of birth control interfere with these people discharging their responsibilities or fulfilling the activities which seem to them so essential to their welfare?

Other men and women are drawn together and find a deep attraction in common aesthetic ideas and ideals. They feel the need for a home as a place for mutually enjoying their music, or art, or writing, or acting or whatever their aesthetic penchant may be. These same people may feel no need for children to complete their lives and may not desire to assume the resultant responsibilities. Of what value or harm would the

facts of birth control be to these people? Should such facts be available to them or not?

Some men and women are at a stage in their development when they feel the need of a freedom and lack of restriction in their personal activities that permits of no responsibilities that extend over a long period of time. They are trying to find themselves as it were and in trying to find themselves marriage is often an essential step. Would the facts of birth control be a help or a hindrance to such as these?

Some young people and some older people are so consumed with the fire of emotion that they are entirely unable to establish themselves financially or to adjust themselves morally except through marriage and yet who would say that they are qualified for parenthood? What of the facts of birth control for such as these?

Some more-highly evolved Individuals set a task of education, of altruistic endeavor for themselves to accomplish. They feel a deep sense of responsibility to help large groups of people and become so involved in carrying forward their activities that personal family duties and responsibilities to children would either be poorly discharged or slighted if they were assumed. What should be the attitude toward birth control for such as these?

There can be no question of the values for physical human beings when they co-operate with Nature in preparing the way for human Souls to come to earth and work out the evolution of their Individual Completion and Happiness. There can be no question of the essential part which parenthood

plays in the Individual Completion of each Individual Soul and its resultant happiness. In the long evolutionary processes these experiences are most vital and entirely essential.

Can they be best discharged if the individual voluntarily assumes the responsibility and willingly joins with Nature in her effort to populate the physical plane? or can they be best discharged if the family is unwanted, physically handicapped, financially restricted to the bare necessities of life, and so large that moral, intellectual, and aesthetic development are eclipsed by physical demands?

These are the issues which face men and women to whom science has given the facts of birth control. Can they be decided for all and either given to humanity by legislation or withheld through legislation? Does it seem that birth control is a governmental question or an individual problem?

After You have studied yourself, your desires, your abilities, your interests, your degree of intelligence, do You feel that You are entitled to know the facts of birth control and then use them in such a way as to regulate your family or to alter it as seems best to You?

Or, do You feel that You, and your neighbors, must accept the natural phenomena of reproduction, and endeavor to work out your life under its inevitable decrees?

Has humanity evolved to the place where it is qualified to assume control of birth on the physical plane? Is this one of its responsibilities?



The Spirit of Music . . .



African Development of Rhythm

Verna B. Richardson

IN the previous article on the psychic phases of rhythm we see how important it is to thoroly understand a principle in order that we may operate constructively rather than involve ourselves in a struggle with the destructive forces of Nature through ignorance. Everything in Nature has its rhythm but there is a right and a wrong use of this principle that reacts upon the individual in accordance with his application of it.

Of course man's experimentation and awareness of the principle of rhythm had to have a beginning somewhere. How many thousands of years ago man first undertook to make use of it is not known to physical science. When one ponders the fact that musical instruments in use 25,000 or more years ago have just recently come to light it is not at all improbable that the discovery of rhythmic principle may have antedated that period by many more thousands of years. There is so much ancient wisdom and culture that has been lost to this present day and age that we can only trace things thru from a comparatively short distance.

We go back to our present day primitive peoples in the African jungles and to the American Indians of both North and South

America for one branch of the history of psychic phenomena produced by jungle chants and dances and the rhythm of the tom-tom.

On both the dark continent and the Americas we find the familiar old tribal witch doctor and medicine man. Many of the superstitious practices are built around these mysterious figures. Man had to have that which constituted a human link between the supernatural realm and himself. The witch doctor of Africa was a sort of go-between—a figure of mystery and decidedly awe-inspiring. He was the spawn of his own fears and superstitions and became the instrument or medium thru which much of the supernatural was made manifest.

Thru invoking the rhythmic principle, by means of the tom-tom, vocal chants and dances, some of the aborigines, being subjective, were thrown into trances and even into the cataleptic state where they took on the semblance of death and all sensitivity ceased. While in the spell of the trance they became the tools of other equally ignorant but disembodied mentalities and were made to act in grotesque awesome fashions that created terror, fear and, of course, reverence in the minds of the onlookers. (Man generally fears or

reverences that which he does not understand and makes a fetish of it.)

The main portion of these rituals and ceremonials partook of what is known as black magic. They, in truth, invoke the destructive powers of darkness on the spiritual plane and were able thru this method to produce many phenomena that were uncanny and of a hypnotic nature.

It is easy to see why they so naturally became tools of witch-craft and took to "devil" worship. The black race being the farthest down the scale in evolution was decidedly subjective and thru their uncontrolled emotional natures fell easy prey to the inhabitants of the magnetic field. Thru the use of their combined magnetisms when staging their rituals with the use of tom-toms, rattles, chants, and dances, they produced astral materializations.

The lowest forms of animal as well as human life and intelligence became physically visible and, thru use of their collective magnetic conditions, took on a reality and materiality that became an active force in their midst. By holding the attention and the emotions of the people gathered together in one location thru means of continued set rhythms of drum and rattle, the medicine man was able to produce many weird and even horrible spectacles. He became experienced in sorcery and by playing on the fears of his people could augment their imaginative faculties to such a pitch that he held absolute mental and in some cases, hypnotic control over them.

An early history of faith cure is also recorded here. The witch doctor became well versed in the psychology of his race. By staging a show of his own creation and in dispensing his own nauseous concoctions he was able to so intrigue and hold their confidence that many were actually cured of disease by their own faith in the efficacy of his cure. And in all these sacred rites the drum, rattle, and other noise-making instruments played a most important part. Rhythm was the back-

ground and foundation upon which was built the ritual. Without first invoking the God of Rhythm, the ceremonials and rituals would have crumbled into nothingness. The drum beat plus other variegated accents was the leaven that held all phases of the emotional orgy together. Can you imagine such a ritual minus the drums? When the drums spoke these people listened. They knew the language of the drums and certain accented beats were to them signals in the meanings of which they were well versed.

Let me draw a comparison here of the use of rhythmic law. Our Methodist friends may not approve of the comparison but, asking their pardon, here it is. No doubt many of our readers have attended camp meetings in their life time. If so, they will remember that rhythm was again made use of to induce a state of emotionalism. Can you imagine a genuine old-fashioned camp meeting without rhythmic community singing and the clapping of hands? They may not have used drums but they have used the tambourine which is only a form of tom-tom with tin rattles added. Some of you have also witnessed the results when a certain emotional pitch has been reached and the subject has been carried forth in a trance. How many times this phenomena has been mistaken for inner spiritual conviction and a sign of holiness.

The modern religious sect known as Holy Rollers go much further in their use of rhythmic principles than others of the emotional type. They use tambourines, piano, guitar, handclapping, feet pounding, jumping up and down with the whole body in an effort to produce emotional religious hypnosis. The results of this we all know to be destructive in so far as the faculties and powers of the individual are surrendered to the state where they become mediumistic. It is just another example of man returning to his primitive state of being in, and by, his emotions.

I witnessed one of these meetings in which

three people stood around a young man kneeling on the floor with his hands upraised. One person had a tambourine, one a guitar and the other sang in a monotone and clapped her hands. They were evidently having a difficult time to produce the desired effect for after they ceased the music for a moment to plead with him they began again, louder than ever and with a more accented rhythm. They kept this monotonous performance up for hours until finally his mentality gave way and his emotions took possession of him. When the mentality ceases to control the forces then it is only a short step to hypnosis and spiritualistic control. One has only to read *The Great Psychological Crime* to understand the principle involved.

Compare this again to the superstitious rituals of the primitive black man here-in-before cited. Thru rhythm, chant and dance and with their combined magnetic forces, and the aid of the witch doctor, the materialization of the inhabitants of the magnetic field

and lowest spiritual plane was made possible. Grotesque and even horrible were these creatures of the netherworld. Their movements and gyrations became the pattern upon which many of the primitive tribal dances were based.

Primitive man imitated all nature that he could comprehend and made a part of his own being the rhythms that were made manifest throughout Nature's realm. Thus even today if you study their dances in all their grotesqueness you can trace the rhythms back to their first conception of what they saw in the animal kingdom.

Theirs is the primal impulse and they live and have their being in the realm of their emotions. That is why the rhythm of the drum, tom-tom, and rattle plays such an important part in the lives of these primitive peoples. They react instinctively to rhythm and the call of the wild is in truth the call of the tom-tom. Thus speaks the drum.



If It Be Sleep—

Henry Stockbridge

Before I close my eyes in my last sleep,
Or my awakening, as the case may be—
Before some loving friend finds time to weep,
While all of Life's great gifts still thrill in me—

I want to lay my body on the ground
With arms outstretched in lingering caress;
And feel the stars and hear each twilight sound,
Wrapped close in Nature's naked loveliness.

If it be sleep; beneath some friendly tree,
Myself to Nature happily I trust.
The Great Adventure is enough for me;
Rise Sun! And mix my body with the dust

Do You Know What Happens When You Die?



*There Are Many Different Ways to Die . . .
There Are Many Different Attitudes of Soul
In Which to Approach Death.*

Many Kinds of Death

HOW frequently one meets people who do not like to speak of death nor hear it spoken of. It is a gruesome subject to them and they avoid reference to it as much as they possibly can.

Death is a natural, universal process. All men are subject to it and sooner or later must bow to its commands.

The sooner every Individual can recognize and accept this fact, just that much sooner will he be freed from one of the worst forms of human bondage.

To You someday death will come in a logical, sequential order. It will follow a definite course of cause and effect—under natural law.

No matter how swiftly it comes, nor how slowly, it is the result of a logical sequence of events in your life. These events are causes which lead to the effect—physical death.

Tuberculosis is usually a long, lingering illness, or cause, which brings about a delayed result—death. Likewise cancer. A gunshot wound, an automobile accident, or a blackjack strike on the head frequently are sudden causes, bringing about a quick result—death. And while there are many

different *kinds* of death, the law in each case, and the process involved, is ever and always the same.

If the death is a lingering one, the Individual has time to adjust himself to the inevitable result and prepare for it. On the other hand, if his fear of it is deep, there likewise is much time for agony and suffering.

Some years ago a woman of eighty-three was facing the inevitable transition. The fear of death had abided in her soul for years, and made of her life a veritable burden. So much so that her deep fear whipped an indomitable Will into action so she lived years beyond her allotted time—according to physicians.

A year previous to her death, she was on the verge of passing through the Valley of the Shadows. She fought and writhed and defied; and in the end, won. She rallied and lived another year, astonishing her family and physicians by her vitality, driven on by sheer Will.

The battle was not so much because she wanted to live; it was because she *feared to die*. In her early years she had made some mistakes from which she sought surcease. In later years she talked with ministers and priests, rabbis and teachers, in the hope of

gaining some relief from her fear of future punishment for her early mistakes. One well-renowned evangelist to whom she pitifully went in search of encouragement and help said to her: "You can follow a man to the grave, but there you leave him. Nothing is known beyond the grave."

Her heart was sick; her soul was sad; and her fear of the transition was only made greater by the hopelessness of the words.

Platitudes and hollow words were her answers from others to whom she went; and during the later days of her life the poor soul spent days and nights of misery, because of her fear of death.

Her mature life was an unselfish one in the rearing of a fine family. No doubt on Nature's books her account was well-balanced, for the mistakes made in early life. Yet no one gave her hope; no minister gave her cheer; no priest, rabbi, teacher, gave her one word of encouragement or assurance, or a rational concept of another life in which she could work and play and make her peace with Nature.

Finally, little by little, she failed in strength and vitality, yet her fear drove her on; she would not go to bed. From chair to chair, from one piece of furniture to another, she staggered and found her way about the house. The bed was anathema to her—intuitively she knew that if she remained for any length of time in bed the end was not far for her. She could not endure the thought.

One day the family of children were called to her home in anticipation of the actual passing. Throughout the day they waited and watched with her. They spoke cheerful words and gave loving touches. But as nightfall approached, her fight became more intense; her fear more poignant.

In her chair she sat throughout the night, calling for the children to take her out of the house—for a ride—out-of-doors. She demanded that the lights be turned off,

there were too many and they were too bright. She complained that the heat was too intense, it burned her; and even the loving touch of a devoted and heart-sick daughter became annoying and irritating to her.

All this was interesting and significant to one who was present; for he recognized that she was, in reality, addressing the Spiritual Friends who were there, just as she usually spoke to her folk of the physical world; and the lights to which she referred and the intense heat which "burned her" were spiritual lights used by them in an effort to quiet and relax her tired and worn nerves, that the separation of the two bodies might proceed uninterruptedly and unhampered.

But all night long she held on and fought, held on and fought—suffering and grieving and dreading the end.

If You have never witnessed a transition of this kind it is probably impossible for You to realize the utter helplessness of those who would lend their aid. Their efforts are unavailing; their services futile. They can only watch and wait with serenity and sympathy, until Nature herself, through the wearing-out process, can complete the separation and relieve the distressed soul of its misery.

Finally appeared the dawn. As she sat in her chair and glanced through the window at the rising sun, she relaxed; relief came to her tired mind and wracked body, for she realized she had passed safely through the night and she was still here.

Her daughter felt of her body; it was cold to the waist—she was practically dead, and still she hung on to life.

Her old physician came to minister to her. During the night he had stoutly refused to administer an opiate, knowing that if he did, for her it would be the end. But looking at her now, suspended, as it were, be-

tween the two worlds—poised for flight from the past to the future—with grave tones and a deep sense of responsibility he said: "I think I am justified now in relieving her of her suffering and assisting her in the passing."

A human man; an ethical physician; and an understanding soul who had compassion on the sufferer. And with his experience gained from years of knowledge, he administered a sedative which left her mind and consciousness clear, but which eased her fear and made easier the separation of her wearied bodies.

Then she agreed to go to bed.

Later on she called her children to her and bade them all goodbye. She knew she was about to leave them, and the strain of the fear was relieved. The old physician returned to the room just in time to witness the final step of her transition, peaceful and quiet and, as he said, conscious of all that was transpiring about her. And as he stood looking down upon her, friend as well as patient, he remarked: "A fine old warrior gone."

Could this poor soul have known the conditions about her during her days and nights of fear, she could have been saved all the suffering and agonizing terror. Could she but have known it, the many Friends from the spiritual side of life were with her and about her, devoting their efforts to her comfort and consolation, and endeavoring to make easy the way for her to go. They were waiting and ready to care for her and to guide and guard her when she passed to Yonder Shore; and the many lights she saw and the heat she felt were but part of their efforts to relieve her tension and relax her nerves so the separation of her bodies could proceed unhampered and unchecked.

But she did not know; she could not believe.

The ones in whom she had faith told her:

"You can follow a man to the grave, but there you leave him."

What a contrast is the case of a man, eighty-one years of age, who all during his life was assured of a life beyond the grave and of loving friends waiting to greet him. The last years of his life were lived serenely and contentedly, peacefully and cheerfully—a satisfactory preparation for the transition which he knew could not be far away. His rational faith, his knowledge born of experience, carried him through the trials and tribulations of this physical life; and the final transition was made with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart.

Death is but the transition to a joyful reunion; an interesting passage to a land of greater interests and deeper joys.

Is it not natural and logical to assume that if there are those sufficiently interested and concerned to be present at the physical birth of a newly-arrived Intelligence and ready to care for, and assist it, that there undoubtedly are those on the spiritual side of life just as interested and concerned in being present at its rebirth back into the spiritual realm, and ready and eager to nourish and care for it there?

It is not only natural and logical to assume it—it is true.

At every physical birth and every physical death, spiritual Friends and Helpers are present to aid and assist from the spiritual side of life, in facilitating the process.

There are physicians and nurses there, as there are physicians and nurses here;

And there are always loving friends and relatives whose interest and loyalty never waiver—whether in the spiritual world or in the physical.

Death is but a process which reunites these loving friends and makes possible the further joyous association and companionship in a finer world of matter and vibration.

Those Who Bear Witness ...



I Know That "Life Goes On"



Jackie M. Hunter

THIS is written solely from a sense of duty; knowing that those who reveal such experiences are often made the objects of ridicule, and their sanity doubted. Some have even been burned as witches, for trying to convey the comfort of this knowledge—to others.

However, we who know that life goes on after so-called physical death, are able in some instances to alleviate the suffering of those who lose their loved ones, having only hope. I have been sustained by such knowledge on several occasions. One of them, standing alone over the casket of a loved one suddenly departed; in a strange town among strangers, with nothing or no one to cling to, except this knowledge. Young and ignorant, suffering nerve shock and aloneness; looking out where the earth and sky seemed to meet—for something visible to lean on; yet knowing I had within myself the thing I was searching for; and thanking God for that to cling to, when my world was crashing around me.

I have a rather remarkable memory, being able to recall events—beginning when I was two years old. Whether or not this is an asset or a liability, I am not quite sure. Mother

er died when I was just past two, leaving a sister two and a half years older, father and myself.

Her funeral and some of those present are still very vivid in my mind. And mother lying in her casket, with her long beautiful black hair billowing around her; and a woman cutting off a strand 'for the children.'

When I was five years old, I awakened one morning, with the sunlight streaming across the bed—from a window on the opposite side—where sister lay asleep. Mother was standing beside me in a white robe, with arms outstretched, and her glorious hair hanging about her, far below her knees. I rubbed my eyes and looked again, and she was still there. I turned to awaken sister to see her too, but for some unknown reason, did not; and looked again for mother but she was gone.

I began weeping, which brought father to me from an adjoining room with an open door between, where he was sleeping. He seemed to understand, and I have since learned he was rather psychic too; but he was the only one who understood, and this was the beginning of learning that it was wiser not to speak of such things to those having had no similar experience, in most instances.

I have been out of the physical body and

visited with loved ones in the spiritual world, on several occasions. On one particular occasion, the first I recall, I was accompanied by a guide—and went in a boat. He took my hand and helped me to the shore, which was covered with a beautiful green, the like of which I have never seen elsewhere. The air had a crystal clearness, as tho there were nothing whatever to obstruct the vision, as is so on this plane; enabling one to see much more clearly.

The country was rolling and beautiful with the green covering or carpet beneath. I do not know that this was grass, only that it may have been; since the color so impressed me, I did not think of inspecting the substance.

The object of this visit appeared to be a lady and several children, (girls) in her care. They were of varying ages and sizes, and wore laced bodices and full skirts—reaching almost to their ankles. They were apparently expecting and waiting for me; being in the yard of what appeared to be their home. I have no recollection of reentering my physical body, and have never had, on any of these occasions; or of my departure from it. I only know I leave it and go on these journeys at times.

About five years ago, the best woman friend I have ever had passed out of the physical body. We were closer than many sisters, and her going left a large vacancy in my life; since with few exceptions, it is difficult for me to confide in others and obtain the consolation an understanding friend can give in difficulty. This is perhaps the result of a misunderstood childhood, that built a secretive characteristic into my nature. It is difficult even now to speak of these experiences, in the effort to assist others.

At this friend's passing, I experienced a selfish grief at the loss of this individual—who was almost my other self; tho I would not have called her back, had it been possible to do so. Time passed, and I was able to visit her in her own quarters in the other world,

and she has visited me in mine—here; which has been a great comfort.

Not long ago, I was feeling a bit weary of things in general; having arrived at one of those places in life where everything seems to stop for awhile, and interest and inspiration lag. I retired in this state of mind, warring with myself, in the effort to arouse my lagging interest in things and carry on constructively. Near morning I was permitted to visit a friend in the spirit world, who passed there a few years ago, and was a friend of my girlhood, and for many years thereafter.

In every respect this visit was perfect and left nothing to be desired. It had a healing effect upon my weary nerves and mind. Trees have always soothed me. They seem to have a degree of intelligence, and to be so friendly. I went dancing down a path among huge trees, where all things were lovely and green and the air vibrant and invigorating. I saw myself, young and vital again, with a glowing happy face, and filled with the joy of living; and said, "This is what happiness does to one." Then I was shown my own face as it is today, with the marks of time and the struggles of life upon it; and knew this illustration was given me that I might realize and keep in mind how one drops the cares of this life—like slipping out of an old cloak—when they make the transition. That there is no need to become discouraged.

The kindness of this friend, a beautiful service of unselfish love, and the walk, or dance, with Nature restored me fully. I came back ashamed of myself; that I, *knowing* life goes on, could ever become lax in giving forth effort to live it constructively, or permit the trials and disappointments to assume importance. I came back—thanking God and the friends over there, for the privilege of personal experience and knowledge; wanting so much to help others to know these things too, and find that same wonderful comfort and encouragement.

To know that doing our best here increases

our rewards and joys over there, when we, too, make the transition. That this life is only a part of the journey of an individual life, important and necessary for the soul's education and progress; that physical death is only another birth, into better conditions for those who deserve them. To know these facts, is to know satisfaction.

I have known spiritual people. They have talked with me. I have visited some of them in their present homes, and I know that "*Life Goes On.*"

An Answered Prayer

Dear Mr. Richardson:

I feel I must thank you personally for all that you have done for me through your wonderful Harmonic Series and books from The Great School and through your beautiful magazine. To me those books have given the knowledge of what I always intuitively knew—that *there was a spiritual world*. But what I really write for is because just now your books have helped infinitely; last month my mother, who means everything in the world to me, fell very seriously ill from inflammation of the ear and it was nearly reaching the brain; the doctor told us it was very serious and he could give us nearly no hope that she would live. She suffered awful, too. I felt she was nearly dying and all the time I was sure she would not come through it and the last hope was an operation. But after that we did not think she would live either. For a whole week we did not know what would happen. You can imagine how desperate I was, but your book "Who Answers Prayer?" helped me.

All the time I prayed to those Invisible Helpers and the evening my mother was oper-

ated, I prayed and prayed that they would help the doctor so that he would succeed and that they would be there and if it was necessary, would themselves help with the operation as I knew they could. And once, as I stood by my mother's bed and she suffered so, I prayed that if she really would not be strong and healthy again that they would let her die quickly without suffering.

In the whole of that week I was helped. I could feel the Invisible Helpers near me, and though that time was the most awful time of my life, yet it was so beautiful. I am afraid I cannot describe in words what I felt, but it was something so good and pure and beautiful. I lived in another and better world. And my prayer was heard.

Three days after the operation the fever was going down and there was again hope; and now my mother has come home and though very weak, in some months she will be fresh again. I know it was a miracle of the Helpers that happened. The doctor said so, too. He never thought that my mother would live. I know it was a big gift I got when my mother's life was spared and I am so thankful. I know that she was helped, too, by those spiritual helpers.

For a whole week they were near me and then when the danger was over, I could feel them slowly withdraw for every day until I could feel them no longer. I never saw them but I could feel them so near, as if they were standing beside me and I will never forget that wonderful feeling I had. I owe this to you because I would never have been able to understand what happened so clearly had it not been for your books. Please excuse my bad writing and spelling in English.

Sincerely yours ever grateful,
(Baroness) Margarthe Billie Brahe Selby.
Ronningesogaard, Ullerslev
Denmark.

The World Moves Along

J. W. Norwood

SIGNIFICANT COMMENTS ON WILL ROGERS'S DEATH.

Here is what Will Rogers might remark today, according to Mrs. J. Crocker, of 506 North Fair Oaks Avenue, at least it is "how I like to think of W. R. now," she adds. It is both a tribute and a message and **The Pasadena Independent** is pleased to publish it because it undoubtedly reflects the thoughts that Will Rogers would have put into his syndicated article:

"Folks, I have been the luckiest guy that ever lived. A kind fate gave me the best it has to hand out to a mortal; good health, a fairly good income, a nice family, a host of friends; and some people even call me famous, whatever that is. But I know some people called me something else for poking fun at their weaknesses and mistakes, but that's all right, too. 'Give and take' was my motto. And just as I had reached the top of the ladder of success, the kind Fate stepped in again and saved me from ever falling off, and from suffering disappointments and physical ailments that often come with declining years. And it was as easy as snapping your fingers; I hardly knew what happened. So here I am, folks, happier than ever—and wishing you the same 'till we meet again."

Pasadena Independent.

"Measured by any one of a half a dozen standards, one of the very greatest men America has ever produced has come a little while ahead of us into that life of greater opportunity that Christ has prepared for those who love Him. . . .

"Our loved one and friend has gone on a little while ahead of us but we can look with happy anticipation to that eternal morning, when we shall meet him again and abide with him and our Lord for ever and for ever."

Rev. Whitcomb Braugher.

"Let not your heart be troubled . . . Revere the memory of one we loved and one we have lost for a while. Let us hope that he is not dead, but that he will live eternally."

Rev. Frank McKean.

"The lives and the achievements of all great men teach us the nothingness of death, but as Charles Frohman said as he was going down on the sinking Lusitania: 'Why fear death? It is life's greatest adventure.'"

Conrad Nagel, Master of Ceremonies at
Hollywood Bowl Services.

"Dead? Not he! Just interrupted. Somewhere, I bet, he's shuffling along, grinning at the show as he always did—killing time till his Betty catches up to him, and wishing she wouldn't cry. So long, old boy! We will be seeing you!"

Elsie Robinson, Los Angeles Herald.

"The first rays of the morning sun leaped over the peaks of the Sierra Madre range and peered through the leafy branches of eucalyptus and fir and olive trees, at whose base the casket sat. . . .

"A year ago there was another ceremonial like this one

in Forest Lawn. Marie Dressler, of the great heart, lay stilled in that setting of breathless beauty hard by the Wee Kirk, poetic shrine of death, and Will Rogers came to leave his tribute of tears.

"Here on the growing roster of the screen's illustrious dead lie Florenz Ziegfeld, in whose spectacular shows Rogers first vaulted to national fame; Lon Chaney, Wally Reid, Jack Pickford, Ernest Tarrance and many others.

"It was easy for the spectator to fancy today that these famous ones of the past were there in spirit to welcome the best beloved of them all into their company."

Denis Morrison, L. A. Herald.

Thousands pass in silence the body of Will Rogers, lying in his flower-covered coffin, with Will Rogers far away. We are creatures of little imagination, content to see the hollow shell and ask no questions.

Ten thousand caterpillars, slowly crawling past an empty cocoon, never asking or thinking about the butterfly escaped from the cocoon, would imitate well a human funeral community.

Where is Will Rogers NOW? That is the only important question."

Arthur Brisbane, L. A. Examiner.

"If death is the end of everything, if beyond those doors which swing only one way there is nothing save nothingness, then I know Will Rogers has achieved the highest immortality vouchsafed to mankind because for so long as there lives one of us who knew him and loved him, that man's heart or that woman's heart will be a throbbing, pulsive monument to Will Roger's precious memory.

"But if the preachers are right about it all, then on some Great Day in the morning, with the glory of the everlasting sun-up shining full on that homely face and on that twisted shy grin and on those squinted whimsical eyes—well, Bill, we'll be seeing you."

Irvin S. Cobb.

"I like to think of Will Rogers as flying on. Certainly no material crackup should halt that blithe spirit. Freed of the cloddish body, he must be ascending new heights, scaling new peaks. This I freely believe. Consciousness after death is not a mere 'something to be hoped for' with me, but a conviction—as certain and fixed as the scatter of stars at night. . . .

"And so they are burying Will Rogers today—that is, his bruised and battered body, that was only his shell. His brave spirit goes winging on!"

O. O. McIntyre, in Once Overs.

Is modern thought gradually being moulded to a recognition of the immortality of the soul and a life beyond this? Are the seeds sown by Natural Science and The Philosophy of Individual Life slowly but surely bearing fruit? It would seem so; and again reassuring, Natural Science says, "Will Rogers still lives, he is going on!"

Your Morals . . .



Conscience Salving

THERE are Individuals who are free from Conscience Trouble. The reason is they do not stop long enough in their journey of life to learn whether or not they have a conscience, and if so, what it dictates.

Then again there are other Individuals who know they have a conscience, hear its warnings, and yet find a way of side-stepping it in order to do what they want to do. In many cases they try to fool themselves and others, and cover up, by declaring they are "serving humanity." And of course, as long as one is doing something "for humanity" and not for himself, he is all right with God, or Nature, and is due for a reward of merit.

It is interesting to watch the amount of this salving of conscience which is taking place throughout the world. You will find it in your own vicinity—if you look about you and study the people you contact.

The following letter may be of interest. It is from a long-standing student of Natural Science; a lawyer, writer, publisher, and student of science:

"The Great Work is more recognized to-

People Constantly Are Salving Their Consciences Without Intentionally Violating Their Moral Principles. Others Do It In Conscious Violation.

day I think than it will ever be publicly credited. Probably the outstanding thought in the minds of our thinking population today is that there is only one cure for anything and that is Self-Control. You will be amused if you take the time to run over current literature, to find the phraseology of TK's books used in the most unexpected places. Note the enclosed clipping.

MEANING OF 'TEMPERANCE' STIRS ROW BETWEEN DRYS, REPEAL BODY

A characterization of the Kentucky Repeal and Regulation League, sponsor of reform of State Liquor Laws, by Dr. H. W. Bromley, Cynthia, president of the Kentucky State Citizens' Committee, as "the most reprehensible wet group in the State," was answered Saturday by officers of the repeal group.

Dr. Bromley's remarks were made in an address at the 4th Ave. Methodist Church Friday night.

Dr. Bromley's understanding of the word temperance was questioned by Mrs. James Ross Todd, one of the league's vice chairmen. She said he "would not be able to comprehend temperance as the league knows it for the temperance we advocate is temperance in all things, even in speech," Mrs. Todd added that the young people of the State do understand the temperance for which the league stands, as evidenced by the response to the group's essay contest.

"It really is not important that Dr. Bromley should understand us, but it is of vital importance that the youth of Kentucky interpret temperance in its true sense meaning moderation, sobriety and self-control," she asserted.

The league believes temperance "to be rational self-control and habitual moderation," Mrs. Attwood R. Martin, another vice chairman, said in defining the league's aims. "We also believe character is founded on self-control cultivated from within the individual rather than by arbitrary restraints

from without. Mastery of self does not come by having these decisions made for us by someone else and imposed from without."

The league chairman, Mrs. Lafon Allen, is out of the city. Other vice chairmen are Mrs. William Marshall Bullitt, Mrs. Walter Radford and Mrs. John C. Engelhard.

Dr. Bromley described the league as "sailing under false colors" in appearing as a temperance organization.

"Aside from this however, it does not seem that the Great School is ever going to be given credit for these teachings as the Great School. What we need is a publicity campaign of a special sort that takes more money than we seem likely to command for a long, long while. The magazine gets better and better. It may, in time, do the work if it can be supported.

Sometimes I do so want to help that I get back into a depressed frame of mind over my own imperfections and inability to do anything about it.

If a fellow had nothing else to do, he could solve the problem of putting a ring of financial forts around the spiritual center of the School, that would make everything safe for its physical expression. It never worries me particularly when others claim (and get) the credit for ideas the School has sown and grown carefully, but it isn't just—and in the long run, it is one of the factors that prevents the School from making headway among the masses. Someone will do that work some day—but it doesn't any longer seem possible to me that it will be I, I was too ambitious I suppose. And when I join those on the other side of life, or at least get nearer, there won't be any need there for such work!

Well God bless you every one, with lots of love,

*Your affectionate friend,
Joe Norwood.*

There is a story to ponder over. It already has caused much pondering, and will cause much more in the time to come.

Many letters are received from this one and that one, asking if such a teacher, or swami,

or lecturer, or instructor is a representative of The Great School. "He uses the exact terminology that is in the Harmonic Books, and teaches the same things." "She takes exactly the same viewpoint on things as The Great School does." "His writings are almost a duplicate of some of the writings of Natural Science," etc., etc. Some of them charge initiation and tuition fees; others accept "free will offerings." Some charge for class instruction; others accept fees for individual instruction. Are any of them representatives of The Great School? No, they are not. The Great School has no public representatives, lecturers, teachers, or instructors. It charges no fees for its instruction and help.

Since the School's foundation, more than fifty years ago, many thousands, yea, and even tens of thousands of people have read its literature, received inspiration and moral foundation from its instruction, and help in time of need.

These people are scattered throughout the world, in many countries and every clime. Many, many of them are squaring their lives by the moral principles they have learned through its teachings. And yet—and yet—how comparatively few there are who are ready and willing to proclaim to the world the source of their information and inspiration and help!

Some salve their conscience by saying they are protecting the Source by not disclosing it to their friends; some think they can accomplish more among their friends and associates by leading them to believe it is their own philosophy of life; others say: "What difference does it make whether or not I give the source of my information? Truth is truth; it is free and for everybody." Others again deliberately make use of the information and knowledge contained in the literature and teachings for their own selfish ambitions and vainglor-

ious public approval. "Their endeavor is to serve humanity." Good conscience salver.

Last week a letter was received from a loyal friend and student of The Great Work who has for years past "stood up and been counted." He inclosed a letter he had just received from another former student of Natural Science who at one time was actively enthusiastic over its teachings and still today uses it as the basis and foundation for his daily life and living. But he has joined a metaphysical organization or school of thought, has become one of its executive members, and is proselyting for membership in it among his philosophical friends and acquaintances, stating that he honestly believes that the order to which he now belongs is carrying on the work of TK and Natural Science!

In a weekly newspaper, representing a certain national organization, a successful series of philosophic, economic articles appeared under an assumed name, giving verbatim definitions and statements taken from the books of Natural Science, yet without an indication of the source from which they were taken. They were not quoted; they appeared as original material. So similar in statements and material were these articles that letters were received from people in different parts of the country, saying: "Glad to see TK is writing for 'The——.'" "Congratulations, TK, on the article you wrote in ——," etc.

The author of the articles is a reader and former student of Natural Science, "using his knowledge for the benefit of humanity." Is he just, or is he salving his conscience?

There are numerous cases on record where Individuals have taken the ideas, definitions, terminology and material out of Natural Science books, and deliberately used

them to further their own ambitions and selfish welfare. They salve their conscience by saying The School does not reach a broad enough audience, it is not sufficiently well known, it is too limited in its scope, it is too select in its students; they can reach an audience which cannot be touched by The School itself. Perhaps so!

A lady student wrote that she had attended a lecture given by a certain Swami in Boston, entitled "The Law of Compensation." To her great surprise and indignation, she listened to the chapter from *The Great Work*, entitled "The Law of Compensation," given word for word as it appeared in that book. The only change the Swami made was in the name of the organization mentioned therein. The lecture was eulogized as a remarkable original piece of work—the greatest exposition of the subject ever given to the world!

The woman, in utter indignation, wrote to see if something could not be done to "stop this piracy and theft."

If all those who have received help and benefit from the teachings of The Great School would "stand up and be counted" and declare the source of their inspiration and help, there would be a publicity campaign, as spoken of by Mr. Norwood, that would reach around the world.

Many Individuals who salve their conscience in withholding the source of their inspiration and help perhaps never realize that they are aiding and abetting the destruction of the source of their help, the same as happened to the teachings of Jesus, Buddha, Confucius, and all those whose works have been misinterpreted, misunderstood, misquoted, and even destroyed.

In their very efforts to help perhaps a few Individuals, they do harm to a larger number of people, and to the very source of the teaching which enables them to help others.

A learned man in the field of education has written a book comparing the various teachings of the Great Masters of the Ages, and pointing out the similarity of their works. In private talks, and in conversation with the author of the Harmonic Series, this man said: "No man could have written this book unless he had first read the Harmonic Books. He would have to have the foundation of the fundamental principles as defined and stated in those books before he could have pointed out the similarity of teachings."

Isn't it too bad that this statement could not

be publicly made and proper credit be given where it is due?

The time is fast approaching when all must "stand up and be counted."

The number of those who bear witness is rapidly increasing.

The day of silence is past.

Just credit will be given where credit is due;

The teachings of Natural Science will continue to influence and uplift the world of humanity and the schools of religion, philosophy, and science.



Psychological Snapshots

H. E. Feiring

Mr. X is a good man (albeit a printer) whose religious convictions keep his common sense on the hop-skip-and-jump, its very existence in a state of confusion, debility, and actual jeopardy. The movies are not for him, being works of the devil and made by the devil's imps for the purpose of enticing mortals to their destruction. Nor are they for his children, who are sickly and neurotic. Of equal obhorrence is service to the god Mammon. Yet, in his duties as a printer, this man spends a goodly part of his time each month in the preparation of a movie magazine for publication. And he does it not because he approves of it but because he is **paid** to do it. Valhalla must have more back doors than Hades has front doors.

"Mory, I'm very sorry, but you are lying to me again. You did not see a lion on the street, for there are no lions on the streets here."

"But Mama, I did see a lion. He was a nice lion, and he came up to me and growled and sniffed and let me pat his head."

"That is not the truth, my dear. Now you go up to your room, close the door, and ask God to forgive on untruth."

Ten minutes later little Mory came down stairs, smiling and at peace with the world.

"Well, daughter, did you ask God to forgive you?"

"Yes, Mama."

"And did he forgive you?"

"Yes, Mama. He said, 'That's all right, Mory, don't let that worry you—I've often mistaken that dog for a lion myself.'"

prizes with an interested friend. Said the friend, "And Gayle, how is she getting along in school?"

"Well, she's not accomplishing what she should. She is not doing as well as George did at her age, but then we spent a great deal of time with George and helped him with his work at home."

"And Gayle?"

"Well, I started in with my chickens a little over a year ago, and what with feeding, watering and caring for them, it takes nearly all of my time and energy."

"What seems to be the matter between you and Gladys?"

"She rejects every attempt I make to help her and she doesn't agree with any of my views."

"Does she want you to help her?"

"No."

"Do you agree with any of her views?"

"Why, no, of course not!"

One government says, "We must have a greater population to fill up our country and to make us powerful." And when they get the greater population they say, "We must have more room for our increasing population."

Ditto with a neighboring government.

Probable result—war and annexation of territory (maybe) for a population which is no longer excessive.

The theory back of it is that this is a moral substitute for birth control, which is immoral.

It begins to look as though the League of Nations would go by the board—and that in its place would be established a League of Anti-League nations.

A chicken-raising enthusiast, the pensioned and retired father of George, 10, and Gayle, 7, was discussing all of these

The Harmonic Attunement of Foods



F. W. Riley, M. D.

WHERE formerly foods and food products have been considered from the standpoint of their protein, carbohydrate and starch content, and their caloric value, now, in the light of recent investigation, they are considered also from their mineral content and their capacity to attract and supply energy to the human organism.

Life itself is a play between two great opposing forces. The one is constructive in its action, the other is destructive. The one builds up new forms, the other tears down old forms. Both are necessary for life to continue, but the one must be balanced by the other.

As applied to the human body these forces are known as anabolism and catabolism, assimilation and elimination—the end product being metabolism.

Health is balanced metabolism or satisfied polarity, Disease is unbalanced metabolism or unsatisfied polarity.

One of the deplorable results of our so-called civilization and modern methods of living is the marked unbalanced condition which manifests in a majority of the masses. This unbalance may manifest itself either as mental, emotional or physical and in many cases a combination of all three. In fact, the world-wide chaotic condition which is manifest in our administrative, financial and social

structures of today may be explained by the one word, unbalance.

An important contributing factor to this unbalanced state as applied to the physical organism is the consumption of unbalanced or devitalized food products that have been made to taste pleasing, keep well, and be produced at a low cost. In other words, modern and efficient methods of manufacture oftentimes render the food product unbalanced for human consumption.

Even the most conservative physician is forced to admit to himself, at least, that seventy to eighty percent of all disease can be traced directly or indirectly to auto-intoxication, faulty elimination and internal poisoning, and the resultant disturbed metabolism.

Science is now engaged in the problem of energizing, vitalizing and balancing foods and food products so as to make them fit products for human consumption and to fulfill their destiny as Nature intended.

To accomplish this, investigations must be carried down from the finished product to the atom itself. The atom may be considered as the basic principle in all substance. It, in itself, is not the *cause* of energy, but is a transformer—so to speak—for energy from another source than itself.

The atom is a miniature solar system in itself, consisting of a positively charged nucleus or proton, about which revolves nega-

tively charged electrons or satellites, each of which revolves on its own axis. It can thus be seen that everything in Nature is one and the same thing, the difference in size, shape and appearance being due to the rate of vibration of the atom. In other words, the nature of any substance is due to its atomic vibratory wave length. This law holds in all kingdoms including the human. Every living thing on the earth is activated by positive sun energy and negative earth energy, for the simple reason that every living thing is between the sun and the center of the earth.

When any substance ceases to contact this energy, it ceases to be a living substance and disintegration begins. The human organism can subsist for days without food or water, but let it be shut off from air for a few minutes, and it ceases to function as a living organism.

A person dying from starvation is relieved by the first morsel of food that passes into his mouth; the person dying from thirst is relieved by the first drop of water that passes his lips, thus proving that the relief is not due to the digestion of the food, or the replacement of the fluid that has been dissipated, but due to energy that is attracted to the body through the medium of the food and water acting as transformers.

When any substance is removed from its natural connection with the earth, and is processed in any manner that is foreign to its natural development while in connection with the earth, its wave length of energy is changed to the extent that it becomes unnatural and ceases to function in its natural capacity.

In cooking or processing foods through any heat process, the vibratory rate of the atom is raised according to the degree of heat applied. If this process be carried just to the point of harmonious attunement with the atom's original vibratory rate (which would correspond to the octaves in the musical scale) and stopped at that point, the processed product remains balanced and vitalized,

still contacting its original source of energy but an octave higher. It is in harmony with its original state of vibration just the same as any musical tone is in harmony with the same tone an octave higher.

If, however, the process be carried beyond that point of attunement, or stopped before that point is reached, the product is unbalanced or devitalized, and the effect on the body will be a disturbance of metabolism.

In modern methods of refining, manufacturing and processing, where time means money, the finished product in many cases is completely out of balance, the point of attunement being hopelessly lost in the method of preparation. When taken into the body as food it cannot be completely assimilated, and on continued use often produces indigestion and discomfort.

Who has not had the experience of being unable to enjoy food prepared by one cook, and being able to enjoy and relish the same food prepared by another? In one case the cook missed the point of attunement, and in the other case the cook intuitively knew when to stop the process. It has been truly stated that a good cook is born and not made. A good cook or chef unconsciously attunes himself to the finished product (as it should be), and can intuitively tell by sight, taste or smell when the product is correctly cooked or prepared.

The present day methods of vitamin activation are merely attempts to attune the product to its natural source of energy or to bring it to life. They are probably mere scratchings on the surface of what may be accomplished later. The present accepted method of using the ultra-violet ray (which in its pure state is an unbalanced form of energy and destructive in its action) is limited to a few second's exposure on food products, otherwise an over-exposure spoils the food for human consumption, throwing it further out of balance. The ultra-violet rays are produced by using electricity in connection with quartz

glass and mercury, or in connection with chemically treated carbons, and is a form of energy that is not attuned to the food atom.

The method of choice will no doubt be the utilization of the same type of energy that Nature uses in her process, namely energy of the magnetic type.

In addition to the attunement between raw and cooked foods, there exists a harmonic attunement between different foods; for instance, certain raw or cooked vegetables may be combined to make a pleasing salad that is balanced and acceptable to the body, while other combinations produce an unbalanced mixture which cannot be readily digested.

From the standpoint of Solar Biology, the word "plant" comes from "plane" and "planet," plane signifying the rate of vibration, and planet the place from which the energy comes, attuned to the plane. Some atoms are attuned to the sun, some to the moon, and some to the other planets, and the nature of the food substance is determined by reason of the form of energy coming from the planet to which the plant atom is attuned.

While the above theory has not been accepted by science, it at least has not been disproven, and would seem to offer a logical explanation for certain of the so-called phenomena of Nature.

We also have a harmonic attunement which

exists between individuals and certain foods. Certain foods which agree with one individual will disagree with another. This attunement will also vary and change in accordance with a change of living conditions of the individual. We see this exemplified in the various cults that have sprung up in the last few years.

We have the health cult, the raw food cult, the nudist cult, the fasting enthusiast, etc. All an effort on the part of the individual to attune himself a little closer to Nature, both in many cases resulting in a decidedly unbalanced condition both mentally and physically, because of a lack of knowledge of the fundamental law of energy. The more an individual attunes himself to raw foods, the more he desires to be out in the open and the less desire he has for clothes, and vice versa. He comes in harmonic attunement with others who are eating and living the same as he is, seeks them and is happy in their company, and in many cases is extremely intolerant of others who do not think and act the same as he does.

So it would behoove us to be extremely tolerant of others who do not think, act and live the same as we do, realizing that all are engaged in the big job of "trying to be happy," each in his own way, and each attracted to that to which he is attuned by Nature.



NOTICE

There are still on hand a number of slightly used copies of **THE GREAT KNOWN**
and **THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME** by J. E. Richardson, TK, which
can be purchased for one dollar per copy. These books are so slightly
damaged that it is scarcely noticeable, but they cannot be
shipped as new, therefore this offer is made. Buy
several copies. They are good books to lend or
even to give to friends who may be inter-
ested in reading Natural Science
and The Philosophy
of Individual
Life.

Personally Speaking . . .



To Go Nude Or Not To Go Nude

*Whether It Is Nobler To Go Without
Clothes Or To Feel The Soft Clinging Caress
Of Silk Against The Naked Skin—That
Seems To Be The Question.*

THE question of nudity is not one to be taken as seriously as some people evidently are taking it. It is not a moral question—it is purely one of Individual preference, desire, and choice. It is a matter of Individual development and evolution—if one is in a state and condition where he believes he can gain something individually from going nude, then is it the thing for him to do; if he has nothing to gain from the experience, then it is not the thing for him to do.

Nudism is a question for every Individual Intelligence to decide for himself or herself.

In a letter of last month, concerning Nudism, the writer made one statement and gave one idea that was *the* important point of the entire letter. She said: "You said, of course, that nudism was all right for those who wish to practice it, but it isn't enough for me to wish to do a thing, I want to have a reason for doing it. Since I am not a creative thinker, my only hope is to make me a sieve of ideals and truths fine enough to filter out all the coarse and faulty theories that come my way. Did my sieve

have a hole in it when the principle of nudism went through? I look to you for either justification or correction."

Miss Slick is to be congratulated on her desire to have a reason for everything she does rather than just a wish or desire. Her attitude is a wholesome one and one conducive of growth and progress.

Her's is one of the finest desires that anyone could possess; for with the desire to have a *reason* for things she does, it is necessary for her to use her rational powers, and this, in turn, necessitates the use of her Will. This is a fine state and condition for her to be in. With this desire as a basis for her to use her rational powers she will be able to work out the problem of nudism for herself, to her own satisfaction, and in a manner to profit by the experience, whether or not she decides that nudism is the thing for her to practice. And when she solves the problem for herself it will be of far greater value to her, for in it she will have exercised her creative ability and thereby strengthened it—although she claims not to have any.

Miss Slick is a creative thinker—as is everyone else, if they know themselves and un-

derstand their natural gifts. She undoubtedly possesses more creative ability than she thinks she does. At the present time she is depending upon others to furnish her with ideas and concepts to pass through her "sieve," but even in doing this it is necessary for her to use some creative ability as well as rational powers. Recognize your creative ability, Miss Slick, and begin to encourage it; you will be surprised to find how much of it you really do possess as the days and months roll along and you gain in your ability to do creative thinking.

It is believed Miss Slick did allow a hole to appear in her sieve when she embraced Nudism, for there is no *principle* back of Nudism, it is merely an idea or concept regarding health and bodily care and individual choice and privilege. These ideas and concepts will develop, grow, and be accepted by some people without the necessity of a principle being involved in them. Some men and women have been going nude since time began and undoubtedly will continue to do so until time immemorial. Other men and women, as soon as it was possible for them to conceive the idea of clothes, adopted them and undoubtedly will continue to do so.

Miss Slick says she looks to Natural Science for justification or correction of her ideas on Nudism. Her confidence is appreciated and her respect for the principles of Nature is to be commended.

Natural Science cannot justify Nudism from the standpoint of general welfare; and it is not believed possible to correct an Individual's ideas or concepts until he or she in time corrects them for himself, or herself. Principles can be stated, suggestions made, and illustrations given—and this has already been done.

Miss Slick, as an Individual, may gain much experience in Nudism. She may improve her health, (if she has a health problem),

she may release certain inhibitions which she herself may recognize, she may unravel a sex knot which has been tangled beyond recognition, she may change her standard and ideals of æstheticism, she may learn to differentiate between self-control and suppression—in fact, she may gain in many different ways from the experience and experiment. It is hoped she will gain, in some way or other, whichever may be of benefit to her.

But this much is certain—in working out her own solution to the problem which is confronting her—to go nude or not to go nude—Miss Slick will profit far more using her own rational powers and creative ability than she would if some organization tried to solve the problem for her, answered the detailed questions in her mind, and determined the way she should go.

Human development is definitely an individual process and no person or organization can act as proxy for any Individual. The way may be pointed out; the guideposts may be erected; but always the Individual must travel the road.

This may not appeal to some classes of Intelligences, for there are some who prefer to follow the dictates of a church or an organization which maps the moral road step by step for the Individual to follow. There are many who prefer this method, rather than to be thrown on their own responsibility to think and act for themselves. It is more difficult, that is sure; and many there are who choose to follow the way of least resistance.

But it is not believed that Miss Slick belongs to this class—her letter indicates otherwise.

In the human kingdom where it is necessary for each and every Individual Intelligence to do his own evolving, it is necessary to realize and recognize that unless the In-

dividual is ever and always allowed to do the things he desires at the time he thinks them right and proper, he will lose some of the very elements and experiences which make for his growth and unfoldment.

When one recognizes and appreciates this fact, then does Tolerance with one's fellowman become an easy virtue for one to practice.

An Individual can be physically, spiritually, and psychically healthy, nude or clothed. He can be clean, physically, spiritually, or psychically, whether nude or clothed.

He can live temperately in every way, whether nude or clothed.

He can have vanity of Intelligence, or be an exemplar of humility, whether nude or clothed.

He can practice self-control or self-suppression, whether nude or clothed.

He can be cheerful or sullen; full of faith and hope or wallowing in self-pity; interested in self and selfish acquirement, or altruistic in service and interested in his fellowman—whether he be clothed or unclothed.

He can develop morally and intellectually, and proceed on his evolutionary road whether he be naked as a new-born child or clothed as the Eskimos at the North Pole.

The question of Nudism is not involved in the moral development of an Individual Intelligence.



“The Wise Man Buildeth on a Rock”

Helen P. Thurman

Mountains drenched in dusk and from the open doorway of the house came the throbbing voice of a violin. Never had it seemed so sweetly poignant, so rich in deep vibration and moving in appeal. Each vibrant note seemed to call from the soul vague longings, hidden dreams. One almost knew the secret behind those stoic mountains compromising with the dusk. The orange and crimson of a sunset sky bore promise of strange new color at the edge of beauty, and beyond the fluttering of the wings of song, one felt the hovering of new, exquisite harmony. Lines of an old poem wove themselves into the music; words fitted with such fine perfection that they dropped like pearls against the velvet background of some illimitable thought. On such a night and in such a mood one could believe the brotherhood of man to be a verity and the harmony of the spheres a true background for eternal life.

The music stopped. The day darkened definitely to night; my mood changed and I smiled—at myself. I was always so ready to gather hands full of mist from the mountain top on my way to some far Elysian field. Here I was once more blithely taking giant steps over the tedious pattern of life to some dimly sensed mountain of magic. And I thought of the sculptor before whom we had sat that day. He stood upon the dais with his fluid clay, his wire form, his scalpel. We felt a little thrill as if we were about to be initiated into the esoteric mysteries of the creative act.

But he talked of dynamics and symmetry, of arches and angles and bones and muscles. As he talked he worked and his clever, unerring hands were guided by knowledge; knowledge which spoke of hours of study, of research, of trial and error, and discouragement and hope. Only when the basis was laid in careful mechanical detail was he ready to imprison that inner vision of the creative artist. Somehow, through the medium of clay, he must give meaning and spirit to the work before him. And he made the figure of Padre Escalante—Escalante with his cross and his fierce spirit of dedication.

However one may long for the exquisite beauty of the finished product—whether a poem, a song, a sculptor's figure, or a human soul—there are no short cuts. The outer draperies may be finely woven and of lustrous silk but they will be false in their contour and motion if the underlying structure is not built with accuracy and knowledge. Do not try to imprison the gleam of dedication in the eye of an Escalante before you know about bones and muscles and proportion. And don't try to rise on winged feet over the stones in your path. They may hide the knowledge you most need in building your “Temple of Human Character.”



Art, The Uplifter . . .

Glorious Greece

Jan Coray

THE origin of Greek civilization seems to have been derived from an ancient culture common to the entire Aegean basin, but Oriental influences have contributed largely to the process of its development, and Egyptian influences, particularly, can be traced through the earliest periods. Civilization is an endless chain: one link begins where the other ends, and so on apparently forever.

The early architecture of ancient Greece already shows a magnificent scale, and the artists carry out their designs with an astonishing degree of mechanical skill. Later we admire the symmetry of the buildings and temples which the Greek Architects always took the utmost pains to express. When we examine even the simplest architectural decoration we discover a combination of reason and proportion which we still use as a perfect example in our own times.

Works of substantive sculpture may be divided into two classes; the statues of the gods, and those of human beings. However, this line between the two is not always very definite; for the Greeks had a tendency to idealize, to represent the essential in art rather than the accidental, to typify generalities instead of individualities.

Futhermore, in Greek mythology we find a whole class of heroes, which represent the transition of man into a God, this representation the artist achieved by glorifying the super-human stateliness of the subject.

On the mystic path man creates his own light by which he hopes to inspire his abstract sense of beauty; in fact, striving towards

perfection is the impulse in man in his evolutionary progress. But never before has his effort to sublimate himself into his god-like essence been so well rendered in concrete form as we can observe it in the spirit of the art of the Hellenes.

It was the custom of Greek artists to study and copy the forms of the finest of the young athletes, and this lies at the foundation of their excellence in sculpture. The Greek race was endowed with an inborn sense of the beautiful, and that impulse impelled its artists to preserve that which was harmonious and omit that which was ungainly.

The Sculptors of Greece modified the human model by adding a spiritual conception which is above the ordinary level of humanity until they reached such expression as the Zeus of Phidias. It is interesting to notice that when the decadence of the Greek art sets in, we observe the gods loosing their serene dignity and descending to mere human level.

The decorative sculpture of Greece consists not only of single figures but mostly of groups in which the Greek laws of rhythm, symmetry are foremost. The Friezes of the Temples are typified by great simplicity in perspective and arrangement. The same rule of balance in composition which is always followed in Greek art is even more discernible in the decoration of vases and in what we know of its painting. Unfortunately the work of the masters which once adorned the walls of the Great porticoes of Athens and Delphi have entirely disappeared. The designs drawn rather than painted on the potteries of Greece help us to realize their lost

beauty. These paintings might have been called ethical for they represented the current ideas as to mythology, religion and morals and depicted the heroic exploits of the gods.

Endless are the masterpieces which Greece has left to posterity. The frieze of the Parthenon ranks at the very head of all of Greek sculptures. The exquisite grace of the statues and the delightful feeling of religious poetry which characterizes them make these sculptures some of the finest masterpieces of the entire world.

We must cite also among the discoveries of Delphi the striking life size bronze of the charioteer. We need hardly mention two of the greatest works preserved in the Louvre as they are so widely renowned; the *Aphrodite of Milo*, and the *Victory of Samothrace*, created to commemorate a victory in Cyprus over the fleet of Ptolemy. We can hardly help mentioning two other works so noted as the *Apollo of the Belvedere* in the Vatican, and the *Artemis of Versailles*, but the list is long. The excavations in Greece, especially in the last fifty years, give us a very complete idea of the rise of its architecture and sculpture. These finds have emphasized the line of demarkation between Ionian and Dorian art. The Ionians were far more susceptible to Oriental influence than the Dorians, the luxury of ancient western Asia influenced them greatly. Many temples of the Ionian period have been excavated; notably, the temple of Apollo, the temple of Artemis, and at Delphi a gem of the Ionian style has been restored, the Treasury of Cnidus which gives a true idea of the magnificence of these times.

There is noticed a complete change of character between the Ionian and Dorian periods. In place of draped Goddesses and female figures we find nude male forms; instead of Ionian elegance and softness we find hard outlines, but all along the admirable sculpture of Greece is evolving and the Greek temples give us a clue as to the true character

of Greek art. It is the abode of the Deity which is represented always by its image in marble or stone.

And there we find as always the spiritual element entering the field of art. It is the faith in things unseen which inspires man to create masterpieces—back of man's art lies his religion.

The Hellenic religion was the product of various beliefs which were amalgamated by the diverse populations which formed the nation. Conquering tribes of Aryan descent came from the North and settled among pre-Hellenic races. Mythology is the blend of their various religious convictions. Despite the diversities of local cults we find a general theological system. We are, however, struck by the contrast between such civilized cults as those of Zeus, Athena and Apollo to whom attributes of morality can be attached; the worship of the elements in the form of the divinities of nature, of which Homer tells us, and the power given to material objects which gave rise to Fetishism. Such ancient forms of worship, coming undoubtedly from a remote ancestry, maintained themselves within the popular religion until the end of Paganism. On the whole, nevertheless, the religious atmosphere of the Olympian system is cheerful and bright, and the Deities of the Hellenic pantheon are amiable, absolutely clear-cut personalities. They have inspired plastically shaped figures which remain today an eternal source of inspiration for the sculptor and painter alike to work from.

The religion of ancient Greece was always in the service of the state, and the people were far from being theocratic. The march of progress in Greece could not be thwarted by religious tradition, and artistic creation was considered as an attribute of divinity. In truth, the religion of Hellas permeated the life of the people more as a servant than as a master, more to inspire their lives than to order their destiny.

Are You Word Shy? . . .



What Is Obscene?

TEN chances to one You are just like everybody else; that is, You speak words, do things, and think thoughts, that may be considered obscene.

According to some authorities, an Individual cannot live without at some conscious or unconscious moment doing, saying, or thinking something which is considered obscene.

A letter on this subject follows:

"More and more amazing seems the attitude of some of our older people toward the matter of sex and our young people. A parent and grandparent calls some of my writings on the subject "obscene." I have always considered obscenity as a matter of usage, being unable to see how a thing can be obscene in right use, though in wrong use it might be so. Is this correct?

One would almost be tempted to believe (except for logic and reason) from their attitude of seeming purity and unsex-consciousness, that they themselves grew on rosebushes and their children and grandchildren slid into the window on a moon beam.

A "Dear God Child" just recently married, came to me frightened and trembling,

Obscenity Is a Moral Question. What Is Obscene To One Individual May Be Considered Right And Proper By Another.

asking questions which all young girls should know; yet this is a child, whom some of the grownups here, considered unfit to live in the same building with them and made complaints against her, making plain the fact that she was considered unfit to be near their own darling offspring—though this poor child was living under heartbreaking difficulties and had no parents.

Yet some of the "veriest holy" parents consider it quite all right to tell obscene stories in mixed crowds, especially after having a few drinks, and to do obnoxious things in public, and think all the impure, salacious thoughts they please. But the offspring must not be contaminated by knowing the facts of birth, etc., or given knowledge that might enable them to protect themselves from dangers they could not otherwise understand.

Just how far has so-called culture brought these folks from the cave? One wonders. Being of an age between the very holiest elders and the young folks enables one to look in both directions and wonder how the many well-meaning parents get like that, and just how their brains and minds function to reach these ideas. With all the hardships I have endured, the sorrows and heartaches, and the results of ignorant errors and character de-

fects, still I feel like getting down on my knees and thanking God for a father who wasn't like that, but had common sense and used it the best he could under the circumstances of having a wife who would not and could not understand."

What is "obscene?"

Obscene: 1. Foul; filthy; disgusting. *Archaic*. 2. Offensive to chastity or modesty; expressing or presenting to the mind or view something that delicacy, purity, and decency forbid to be exposed; impure; as *obscene language*; *obscene pictures*.

Synonyms: Impure, indecent, unchaste, lewd.

Obscenity: 1. That quality in words or things which presents what is offensive to chastity or purity of mind; obscene or impure language or acts; moral impurity; as, the *obscenity* of a speech or a picture.

Anything obscene, then, is that which expresses or presents to the mind or view something that delicacy, purity, and decency forbid to be expressed.

But is it not true that in certain countries, in certain localities, and in certain strata of society, different standards of purity and decency exist? Is it not true that many things which are considered legitimate and modest in some of the foreign countries are considered very obscene and improper in this country?

What seems obscene to an Individual in one stratum of society, to another of different stratum is not in the least obscene or impure.

For instance: In the realm of art a beautiful picture or a statue of a nude is considered a thing of beauty; to the average layman it is considered obscene, impure, unwholesome. A beautiful reproduction of an original painting of a woman in the nude was hung on the walls of an exquisitely fur-

nished French restaurant in one of the large cities wherein live people of all classes and professions. A wide-spread dispute arose in the women's clubs, magazines, and newspapers as to whether it should be allowed to be displayed, or be removed as devastating to people's morals. The artists and broader-minded clientele won out in the dispute; the picture is still on display—although many people will not enter the restaurant and enjoy the fine beauty and exquisite cuisine because it is there.

What is "obscene?"

A few years back it was considered the height of obscenity to speak of a woman's *legs*. They were known in polite society as "limbs." Yet today, everywhere, the pedal extremities are known as legs and the word is considered very proper and legitimate. People seem to be none the worse for admitting the fact that legs do exist.

During the previous period referred to, a very tall, slender woman with plenty of skirts woven about her legs passed through a hotel lobby. One of two men spoke of her long "limbs"; whereupon the other man whispered: "Not limbs, old fellow, *twigs*."

A few years ago when short skirts were becoming the vogue, a minister made a very slighting remark to the effect that the reason for the style was that people wanted to see women's legs. A friend said, "Well doesn't it seem strange that after all these many centuries people are just beginning to become interested in the fact that women have legs?" The minister admitted this was so; but still declared that the women wearing short skirts were "going to the dogs."

Some readers may remark here: "Yes, and they have too." But is it true?

There is a wholesome, proper, and delicate degree of decency and propriety to be ac-

quired by every human being. There is a degree of niceness which does not and cannot offend even the finer sensibilities of other people; but this decorum does not necessarily exclude the facts of Nature nor the natural functions of the body.

If there is obscenity it lies not in the fact of speaking of natural things, but in the method and manner in which they are spoken of.

There is a frankness in speech and action today which has not existed previously for many, many years. In some cases there is certainly obscenity; in other cases, none whatever.

One person may use a word or tell a story which is pure and inoffensive; another person may come along and use the same word, or tell the same story, and pollute the very atmosphere.

A doctor uses certain words to describe or define certain organs or functions of the physical body and they are accepted in good society. But let some layman use the same words to describe the same functions and do it in an unchaste, uncouth manner, and he can stun an audience almost into insensibility.

Certain people can look at the young people in modern bathing suits and think of them as being wholesome, sensible, and healthy. Others, again, can and do look at them and proclaim the young folks as utterly obscene, indecent, and lewd.

Some Individuals can look at a nude body with never an unclean, questionable thought or idea; while others can look at a perfectly gowned woman with plenty of clothes on

and think the most vicious, indecent, obscene thoughts.

A man can use a legitimate, generally accepted word in his conversation; yet give it an intonation, accompany it with a look, or with a wink of the eye, and cause every woman in his company to blush with embarrassment and shame.

A woman can show her leg to the knee in a mixed company, yet it can be done so unconsciously, so unintentionally, and so unaffectedly that no person in the room will even be conscious of the exposure.

After all, what is obscenity?

Is it not, in reality, more the motive and the vibration accompanying an act or a word which makes that word or act obscene?

Is it not conditions and circumstances, more than the actual word or act itself, which places it in the obscene class?

If an Individual is endeavoring to live a moral life, if he is clean-minded, as well as thoughtful of his fellow-associates, there is little likelihood of his ever being obscene or indulging in obscenity.

He may be in any locality or in any country; he may be in a mixed crowd or in a segregated group. But if he keeps a wholesome outlook on life, a healthy attitude of mind, a thoughtful consideration for his fellow-men, and a clean sense of humor, he will never offend by obscenity; for the clean, wholesome, uplifting vibration which accompanies his words or acts or thoughts will neutralize any suggestion of obscenity in the minds of those with whom he is associated, and he will be freed from all accusations of guilt.



What Do You Think?

This is a column of individual opinions. In order that as many letters as possible may be published, contributions should be about 200 words. No unsigned letters will be published, but names will be withheld if requested.

I SURE GOT IT!

Perhaps a philosophy magazine does not aspire to "prettiness" and yet "To You" when placed upon the "parlor table" attracts more attention than the most costly vase or antique. Congratulations, Johnny Richardson! Your October cover design will be—don't tell me—because I think I already know.

In my last letter I asked for criticisms or otherwise, and in the September issue I sure got it! Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, for your words of appreciation; and M. H.'s criticisms are a spur to rouse greater endeavor. Perhaps the article should have been called "An Impossible Utopia." And may God bless Pauline Schulman who "blessed my pen." Her inspiring words will long help to keep my heart mellow.

Am inclosing one of my choicest fillers, "The Gardner's Mistake." The subject embraces the whole world, and is one of the very finest shorts that I really like myself. My writings fall so far below what I actually feel.

Should you have any back copies of the July issue, would be pleased to buy two or three more copies. On the strength of your publication of my "What Have We Left" I just sold 10 short articles to a Kansas City Publisher, and the editor wishes to have a "personal talk" with me. Sounds interesting.

You have been very kind to me, and I wish to thank you again for all past courtesies. The success of the magazine means much to me.

Eau Claire, Wis.

Clara Lund.

A QUESTION ANSWERED

Thanks so much for answering my question in the August magazine "Your Struggle." I have read and studied it over many times. My idea of "true mates" is clearer than ever before. Reading and studying "The Harmonics of Evolution" has helped a lot also.

Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the help you have been to me; even though I have not yet entirely overcome the first obstacle on the Path of Self-Control. But at least I am cultivating a Wakeful Consciousness and that is a lot. At first I was so impatient because I did not gain faster. But as I view life in the prospective I realize that one need not be discouraged at any slowness if the gradual trend is upward.

I have one more question that is bothering me some at this time: Is it possible to fight a thing so hard—so intensely—that you give more power to the thing you are fighting? Or I'll say it like this: Is it possible to strive so intensely for a thing that you create the opposite of what you are striving for?

Hillsdale, Mich

A—W—.

HEY, JOHNNY

We are glad to know Johnny is out playing. We can almost smell the wood fires and see the trout leaping and flopping. His saying, "I have a lot of new relatives here, and stuff 'n things" makes us wish for Johnny that they're the kind he'd choose if he had the soy so, and not the kind that are wished on most of us, in majority. We know about vacations—where one spends most of the time keeping relatives from being slighted, hurt, and offended in various ways, and from thinking you are just possibly fonder of someone else's Susie than of their Georgie, and on and on and on. So we really hope Johnny is having a good time, instead of an endurance test. Tell him we'd like a little wood-fire perfume, all corked up nice and tight, and a singing cricket 'n things. And the story, too, if he pleases.

Texos

Jackie.

DOESN'T LIKE NUDISM

I just received the magazine and most of the articles are excellent. I especially liked Helen Mitchell's Tinker Town. I always like stories of spiritual experiences. I am not at all afraid that your magazine will be cheapened as one of your correspondents put it. However, I do believe that some of the intimate details probably could be left out as long as all of the articles are read by the world at large. I believe that I can truthfully say that I have enjoyed the entire magazine with the exception of one thing. As long as criticism is in order there is only one type article that I think could be dispensed with and that is the one on nudism. I think that it was decided in previous issues that morality didn't enter into the question—that one could be moral, either nude or clad. So let's not clutter this wonderful little magazine up with such. Those who want to go nude let them go out on an island by themselves. I surely object to them parading mostly that way in our public places where we like to take our families for an outing or a little recreation. Maybe our morals may not be affected but when I want to partake of food I certainly don't enjoy having human beings parade before me with very little on. They may look divine, but Nature fell down on some of them. After looking this letter over I am going back over my lessons on Tolerance. I thought surely I had been doing wonderfully well but I slipped and I am sorry.

Ashland, Wis.

George C. Boird.

LIKE MR. TUCKER

Like Mr. Tucker, I particularly enjoy the "What Do You Think?" department because of the intimate feeling of

friendship it invokes. Most of the letters have a wholesome spirit of give-and-take and taken together form a warm and attractive corner in which to visit each month.

I, too, was glad to find another verse of Mr. Sadony's in a recent "To You." His writing is always like the very loveliest of poetry and so rich and deep in meaning that one enjoys going back to it again and again. Could the "powers that be" persuade him to give us more of his philosophy through the pages of "To You"?

If the enclosed article is of any use to you, I shall be most happy to have you print it.

Price, Utah.

Helen P. Thurman.

GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

Have read the August issue and wish to say I enjoyed it very much. It is getting better and better every issue. "True Mates are Opposites" answered another question in my mind as to marital problems and is a help to me. Each one of the editorials was very good for me; they really were "To Me," especially "Whom Do You Hate?" That is one of my difficulties. I really don't hate anyone, but at times it is very hard to not feel resentful toward others, but I am making some progress in that respect. At one time I was in the midst of going into violent fits of anger, but have learned to control myself quite well; but at times I still feel resentful. I am sure that I will finally learn to control myself to a greater degree of satisfaction to myself.

I enjoyed "The Forgotten Test" so very much and often wish I could meet one of those who are able to use their spiritual senses consciously. I would not be without the magazine for anything and I am so happy that my wife is taking an interest in "The Great Work" through having read "To You." And I'll be happier still when I get a transfer back home to the south so I can be with my family. Congress has passed a bill proclaiming a 40 hour week for all postal employees, instead of 44 hours per week; this should be a help to me getting a transfer as it is intended to give more work for substitutes.

Detroit, Mich.

Jerry Burnom.

THE DRUMS

I was so interested in the "drums," by Verna Richardson. Perhaps hating them is a left-over with me from some previous life. I do not like horns either. Couldn't even like Sousa's Band, for the horns and drums. In an orchestra you can shut them out of your consciousness and hear the other instruments; but not so in a band. In a hundred-piece orchestra, I can shut out everything but the cellos, violins, and piano, or blend them in so softly they are not unwelcome. Isn't it strange how different individuals react to music. A shrill or real loud soprano voice is torture, while a tenor brings out all the sweet notes in myself. I can all but mutilate a piccolo player or a drum-beater, and kiss the shaggiest violinist in gratitude for the beauty he brings me. How strange we mortals are—isn't us?

Texas.

One-sided Music Lover.

SOME QUESTIONS

Could you answer some questions regarding the use of coffee by giving constructive suggestions which would convey

to me your meaning, possibly without making direct replies to my question? I have thought that possibly you might hesitate to make comments on the institutional life of government hospitals, thinking that in case it was read by authorities, and not rightly understood by them, that it might do me and my comrades more harm than good.

Can you suggest to me in some way or other, why it is that the government, which is supposed to be broadminded in some ways at least, tolerates dietitians encouraging men to stuff all the rich, starchy, proteinous foods that they can hold, and to wash this down with quantities of coffee and tea—unlimited quantities—and making it impossible for the man who doesn't want these drinks to get anything else to drink at all or a stinted quantity of milk? Or do you think a man needs a certain amount of coffee-tea stimulations in order to live a well-rounded life? TK once wrote me that tobacco was not, as I supposed, an essential to the hospital life. It seems to me that coffee is as detrimental to me, if not more, than tobacco—or am I imagining things? If you prefer to answer these questions I ask indirectly, I shall understand.

What can you say for the treatment by the medical profession of syphilitics, of which we have so many? As long as they shoot mercury and drugs of different sorts into them, how can they get well—if any of the Nature Cure theories still hold?

Veteran's Administration Facility.

A Veteran.

TOLERANCE?

This is a lovely Sunday A. M. tho' old Sol is getting in his work. But since we couldn't live without him, seems we should smile a greeting. The chimes have been ringing from the Baptist church near. They play those grand old sacred songs so beautifully, one suffers from the ecstasy of it; while dreading the moment they will cease. I tried going there, until so often the sermon spoiled the effect; like a waiter dropping a tray of dishes at the end of a perfect symphony, or a fly lighting in the midst of a favorite dessert when one is all set to enjoy it. How nice that we do not all have the same reactions. I often think of this when I see a placid cow chewing her cud, happy in fulfilling her destiny. Or it might be just resignation. While we inwardly scream if the fellow at the next table orders the spinach, that does things to our "innards."

In a land of so many laws, I wonder why they do not pass a law compelling all spinach eaters to do so only in private. Also one against drum-beating and yodeling, singing "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and against people telling of their operations. But where oh where, is our tolerance?

Speaking of laws, sometimes when "Tolerance" is out playing "hide and seek" would that I were an American Mussolini, who could march right into the Capitol and say, "Begone, you traitors to your country, I'm going to set up a Democracy here, and your presence is undesirable, and clutters up the place, and gives it an offensive odor." Like all individuals, who permit their "Tolerance" to run away and play sometimes, it seems that something that looks like "Egotism," comes to take its place. Patriotic zeal and egotism dress so much alike, sometimes it's almost impossible for their owners to distinguish the difference in the twin opposites. But I do hope I'm not "kidding" myself in believing mine is the former. I do want to keep "Tolerance" as a constant companion.

Your saying in an article "whenever a crisis arises, a leader always arises to meet it," is very comforting. Am trusting

you say this from a fore knowledge—that a leader will arise in this crisis—as well as from knowing it has always happened prior to this time. We have had so many years of this mis-governed Government, it almost severs the last thread of hope at times. If we ever needed our slogan, "In God We Trust," surely we need it most now. However the writer's humble opinion is, we need constructive activity to materialize the trust and bring the things we hope for into manifestation. What do you think?

Oh for a Jefferson, Washington, or Hamilton, or someone with the power and strength to take the lead and kick the money changers out of the temple, along with the dogmatic new dealers.

Sometimes the line between constructive criticism and harsh criticism and judgment, is so fine I am scarcely able to see it—or know where one leaves off and the other begins. Yet surely we who are Americans, living under the conditions brought about by our leaders and law makers, have a right to protest the things we honestly believe are destructive. It seems the one place where Tolerance could scarcely be considered as a virtue. What do you think? Is this true, or is it a loop hole to crawl thru in justifying my opinions?

From Missouri.

A GREAT ASSISTANCE

I am enjoying "To You" very much as it contains so many good wholesome thoughts and suggestions that lend great assistance to me in my efforts to readjust my life along more constructive lines. My wishes are for the success of The Great School in all its endeavors for the benefit of humanity.

Roosevelt, Utah

Silas W. Mower.

ENJOYS THIS DEPARTMENT

May I take this opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy the magazine column "What Do You Think?" Am not acquainted with anyone who is interested in the philosophy of individual life as presented by The Great School and these letters furnish a sort of contact with others who read and study the literature. Even the one-way discussion is helpful and the community of interest makes us friends in the broader meaning of the word.

San Rafael, Calif.

Eva T. Kraws.

PROSELYTING—YES? NO?

Clara Lund wants to know how her articles are being received. I have read them all with considerable interest and have been impressed with something that runs consistently through them. Most, if not all, of us who have found Natural Science have done so only after a period of groping and search. We have wondered about this and theorized about that, formulated ideas, sound and unsound, concerning matters which perplexed us, and have chafed ourselves into a dither over countless questions the answers to which we knew not where to find.

Then in Natural Science we found it—the whole thing, and after a period of doubt and questioning and emotional adjustment we began to see what it was all about and to settle down to the long task of taking in hand the job of our own development in accordance with the laws that Nature has built the scheme of Individual development on. We do it not because the books tell us to do it, for they don't,

but because we learn to try to subject the problems to our best rational intelligence directed in accord with experience which we have had in the past and which we are having all of the time in all of our activities—the trick being to understand the significance of the experience we have. On that basis The Philosophy of Individual Life is in part self-evidently due to us, in part as we know the truth on the basis of our own individual experience, and in part taken on faith based on the sanity and intelligence inherent in it, the acceptance made with an open mind and subject to future verification or disapproval, as the case may be, as determined by our own experience and the definite knowledge which we acquire.

Clara Lund seems to be in the groping stage, yet with Natural Science at her very gate, as it were, the interesting thing is that she has not discovered that it contains the answers to her questions. I do not believe she has studied The Philosophy of Individual Life. Turn your keen and hungry mind to that task, Clara Lund, and you will find material for articles and for self-growth that will fairly make your hair stand on end, interesting as your articles in the past have been, and whatever your degree of development at present may be.

Cambridge, Mass. A Voter for a Monogamous Utopia

P. S. I should like to suggest that we have something from Pauline Schulman, who had a letter in this department last month. What she said at the first of her letter suggested that she has had some mighty interesting experiences to which she has given some thought. They sound like experiences that might have some bearing on the present economic and political situation, and as such they would have a valuable place in TO YOU! May we hear from you, Pauline Schulman?

WHERE'S THAT OFFICE BOY!

Your magazine is splendid. I find much intellectual and spiritual good in it. Each issue passes through a definite channel of six persons whom I am trying to interest. Frequently your proof-reading is very bad, and it is a shame to spoil such a splendid magazine by careless proof-reading. My best wishes for the continued success of your organization.

Outwood, Ky.

William G. Spence.

A REAL HELP

It gives me much pleasure to be able to send you a year's subscription to "To You." The magazine is a real help to me. I especially appreciated the poem, "Oh Restless Soul," by Noneta, and the articles each month by Those Who Bear Witness. I wish you all success.

Canon City, Colo.

Moidie Williams.

SOME MORE FOR CLARA LUND

There have been any number of articles that I have read, thought about and enjoyed, but Clara Lund's question is the first thing that has supplied the necessary urge to write a comment or two. Her "The Dissociation of Ideas" struck a responsive chord because I have had a good many ideas I have had to dissociate, having been indoctrinated with the

conventional religious ideas. I did not care for "What Have We Left?" the first time I read it but I've spent a good deal of thought on it. I think the reason I didn't care for it was that it was obviously the concept of someone who was not familiar with certain of the Natural Science concepts and I had come to expect that the writings in the magazine should express the thoughts of those who were more or less familiar with the basic concepts, in sympathy with them and writing from that standpoint.

Some years ago when I was breaking with the conventional religious ideas I think I should have found the article reassuring. After I reread the article and thought about it I began to recall some of the emotions and thoughts of the period when the comfortable crutches were being pulled out and I found myself forced to get about without the help of a personal savior who would assume some of my personal responsibility. As one of those whose ideas concerning Christ have undergone a change I have found there is much more left than Clara Lund tells of. As she has contacted the Philosophy of Individual Life I think she has an opportunity to discover what a wealth of information concerning the Principles of Living there is to be found in it.

She found there was much left when she gave up her "mythical" concept of Christ and turned instead to the admiration of the Principles which he taught. To find that Christ was not the last to understand those Principles nor to explain them may be to her, as it has been to me, one of the most fortunate of discoveries. If she doubts that there have been other teachers who understood Life and Death the most convincing proof I know of is an open minded reading of "The Great Message." To believe that there was just one who understood the Laws of Living, that he taught so long ago to a people of different background, culture and habit of thought than ours, and that there are preserved of his teachings only fragments, does leave one feeling a little poor.

Ruth Stewart

SELF-PITIES ARE DWINDLING

This is to let you know how much I enjoy the magazine and also the books which have been loaned to me from time to time from the library. I'm thankful for the impulse which brought me in contact with The Great School seven months ago, for through them I've been made to understand many things, and also myself much better than I ever had.

Now when things go wrong, I look within and find my "Bevy of Self-Pities" are dwindling. I am learning to have Courage such as that spoken of in Celia Thaxter's poem in the September "To You." Have enjoyed the number so very much.

Gary, Ind.

Yalanda Smiley.

GOOD MEDICINE

I want to thank you very kindly for your kind interest in my health. I do not think I need the back you mention at present, I feel fairly good now.

Self-Unfoldment Vol. Two was the best, or contained the best, medicine for me. My sickness, to start with, was of a psychical nature more than anything else. I will explain.

I had a fine Scotch dog, harmless and friendly toward good people and especially toward children. He was a good watchdog and a good companion—I used to take him along with me when I was going out in the mountains to prospect, he was

such a fine companion to me. Somebody gave him ground glass that made the poor dog very sick, and in my effort to save him I just prolonged his agony and finally lost him. And here is where the trouble starts.

Unguarded, the destructive impulses got the best of me. I was filled with grief, and I was mad, and I was enraged toward that brute that killed my companion. Every day after shift when I arrived home there was no dog to meet me at the gate, and the impulses got away from me again. In about one week I brought the sickness upon myself; my digestive organs went out of order and the muscles in my stomach or solar plexus—it seemed they were tied into a knot. I could not eat hardly anything. I went to the doctor and he pronounced it Yellow Jaundice. He was really a young scientist in his profession, but I was not responding to his treatment. One day he told me that my case was unique. I said to him, "Yeh?" In the meantime I had received the book Two Self-Unfoldment and had read and read the chapter "Health Attitude." I made a supreme effort. I transmuted a destructive impulse into a constructive one, and in a few days I was pretty well on the road to recovery. The Doctor was very glad. He said he was afraid he would have to operate on my stomach, but I was getting along fine. Well, I never told the doctor what I had done to get well.

I am really ashamed of myself, all the time and effort you have spent in giving me the instruction, and when the "test" came I failed to control myself. I learned my lesson by experience and I shall, or rather I will be, forever on guard from now on, to control myself.

Nevada

G. B.

NEW SUBSCRIBER

Thank you for the sample copy of "To You" and also for the loan of "Self-Unfoldment" book. I like the magazine so well that I am inclosing a check for one year's subscription for the same.

Hollywood, Calif.

George O. Swartout.

THE "MULE MOOD."

The letter to K. C. K. from "A Modern Champion" was noted. Haven't dared mention K. C. K. individually so far—in fact, haven't been able to, since that letter started up my "Mule Mood." Perhaps this should be explained, for only those who have the Mule Mood know what it is—others call it stubbornness or cussedness. It is started by something that so outrages your sense of justice and fair play you just freeze up inside; for what's the use to speak when you're already condemned, without being asked an explanation. Then the one or ones who set up the Mule Mood in you can ram their boot against the iceberg that is you and break their jaw; while you are like other icebergs, three-fourths concealed from their sight. You're not being stubborn really, its more a feeling of futility. When accused of something that perhaps never entered your mind, there's no use trying to explain to the one who thus accuses you; so you just stay frozen until the ice thaws itself out of your heart—all the while you are being more misjudged for a reaction which is just a part of you.

If those who have "mule mood" individuals in their families would only remember to ask first and never say "you must," but rather "will you?" a great deal of unhappiness would be spared on both sides; for so-called stubbornness is ever a de-

fense, a rebellion, an outraged justice. The mule is the most dependable of all burden-bearing animals, if you treat him right, but when he isn't getting a square deal he knows it and balks and stoys balked until he's ready to go again. You can kick him and beat him and build a fire under him, and he'll simply lay down and roll over on your fire and put it out; and kicks and blows cannot move him either. I am pleased that someone else spoke for me in answer to K. C. K. and noticed the absurdity of the viewpoint. I, too, echo the question "What wisdom?" Is it the wisdom of Greed, War, Superstition, Hell and Domination, and the Vicarious Atonement? The "Jesus-paid-it-all" wisdom? The "you don't have to do anything but believe us" wisdom? The "do as we say" wisdom—"but don't watch us too closely to see if we do as we say?"

The ice is beginning to break up so I better quit. I might say too much if I say any more.

Clovis, N. M.

A Mule Mooder.

A GREAT COMFORT

I have not had time to read much this summer but what time I have had I have found the magazine very, very interesting, and a great comfort and help to me.

Marshalltown, Iowa

Boyd Shayer.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Am thoroughly enjoying the interesting, instructive articles on all subjects in the magazine; also finding the answers to a lot of questions which arise in my mind from time to time. Success in your work.

Fredonia, Kansas.

Olive M. Kustenbouter.

PERSONALITY

It seemed to show rare wisdom, that you spoke of "Personality" in just that way, last month. There is something about this subject that when wrongly spoken of, seems like teaching people that hypocrisy pays and is desirable, if it gets you what you want. Isn't it true that Personality is only outward appearance, and Character may be directly opposite in nature? Instead of advertising how to have a Grand Personality, as some schools and teachers do, wouldn't it be better to say, "be real, sincere, honest and kind, and your personality will take care of itself? You will respect yourself—and will not be timid; you will be courteous out of consideration for your fellows rather than from selfish motives; rather than having a calculated sweetness—to get you what you want from others."

I once heard a middle-aged gentleman say of a girl who was considered by many just about perfect in charm and personality, "When she has done the bag of tricks she has learned, there's nothing left, and you're bored to death with her. When she has said all her cute sayings and told all her jokes and gotten off all her "wise-crocks," the show is over. It's alright for one day or a few hours, but Ye Gods, I must escape her, or go mad. I can't bear seeing it and listening to it over and over, day after day. Will someone keep her away from me!"

Yet of this girl most folks say, "How charming, how lovely, how clever, what a Personality." She is always popular

"with strangers" and those who do not see beneath the glamour for lack of sufficient time to do so. This popular girl is one of the persons I have felt sorriest for at times. She isn't bad, just artificial, and in getting that way, has cheated herself of the lasting loveliness.

Amarillo, Texas

J— H—

POEMS INTERESTING PSYCHOLOGY.

It was my pleasure recently to be in a group where the TO YOU magazine was under discussion. The poems especially were receiving comment. One gentleman who is and has been indeed, a Restless Soul found much of comfort and reassurance in the poem of similar name by Noneto.

A young man of twenty-three and apparently "in love" for the first time, found nothing quite so appealing as **To One Who Pursues The Bluebird**. He was rather shy in telling his thoughts but as I watched his expression as he read it was quite evident that he was deeply moved.

A lady, who especially appreciates the fact that self-effort is the turning point for success and who also likes a touch of humor, couldn't refrain from suggesting that they all read **Work** by Eve Davieson.

Another lady who is engaged in an educational altruistic work and who knows something of the struggle to "Keep Faith" found that **Keep Faith, Little Bark, Hold Strong** held the stimulation and courage she needed.

After listening to the comments and discussions, philosophizing me just couldn't resist thinking how true is the familiar saying that we get out of a thing exactly what we put into it and we are attracted to that which is like ourselves. Again "like attracts like" is the inevitable law, but (score one for me) I didn't make a rationalizing statement for I wanted to be sure to hear the feelings speak and not the rational mind. Is there anything as fascinating as human psychology?

Hollywood, Calif.

P— P—.

JUST BEFORE THE DAWN

True it is always the darkest just before dawn.

How depressive the darkness would be if we did not know that it would soon be light again.

How depressive are these troublesome trying times to those who have little or no knowledge of their real meaning—

To those who have no knowledge of the brighter days that are to come.

How cheerful must a kind word and a sensible suggestion accompanied with a pleasant and cheerful smile be to one such when personally contacted in these days of doubt.

I hold the Great School partly responsible for myself being able to radiate some such influence.

Pitifully low are the ideals of those who would have conditions changed back like they were a few years ago.

Fearful indeed are those who would strive to forestall the changes that are taking place in the affairs of man.

And possibly too courageous or foolhardy are those who would not hesitate to go on unless they have some kind of knowledge of the general change that is taking place and also of its meaning.

Salt Lake City, Utah

Perry Robb

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Intelligence, Courage and Perseverance

An Acrostic by

Helen Robertson Hendry

I will . . . that I shall climb the height,
Nor think the way too long;
Though rough the road and hard the fight,
Each day shall find me strong.
Life means so much, I must not stand
Lest I would backward slide;
If Nature's laws I'd understand,
God's truth must be my guide.
Electing thus to reach my goal,
No fear shall block my way;
Calm in the knowledge that my Saul
Endures through every froy.

Conquering first my weaknesses,
O'ercoming faults and wrong;
Unfettered then . . . in freedom's bliss,
Rejoicing all day long.
And thankful, Oh! So thankful for
God's wondrous love and care;
Each friend God sent, the help they lent,

And blessings everywhere.

Persisting onward day by day,
Each trial to me shall be
Rough stepping stones along the way,
Sure steps to victory;
Each upward step shall clearer be,
Veiled errors shall be laid;
Eyes, dim no more, the truth shall see,
Resplendent! Unafraid!
And in the light of truth and love
No hate or envy lives;
Conforming to the laws above,
Each Soul love's service gives.